

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

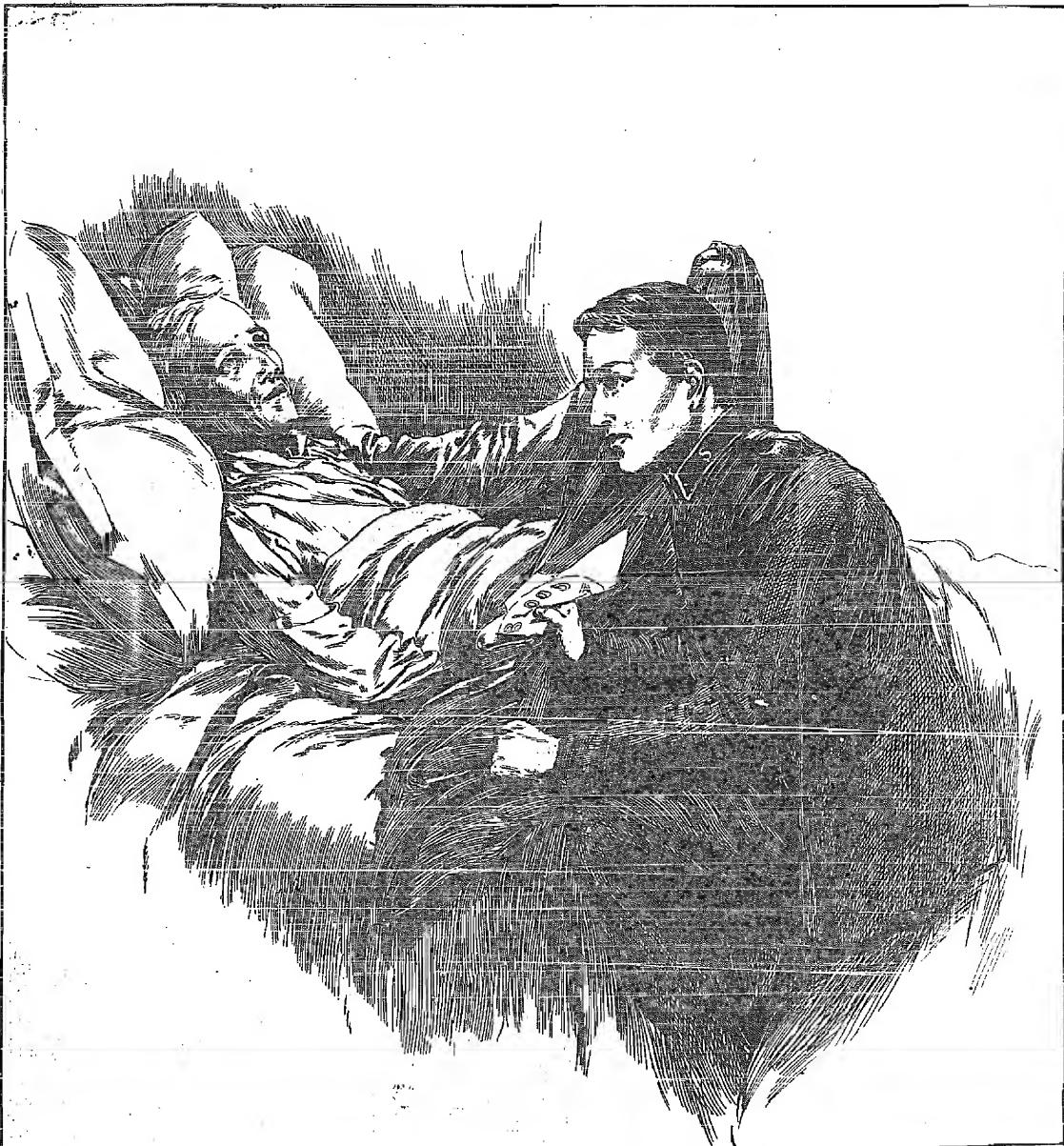
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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

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PROMOTED TO GLORY UNDER THE COLORS.

(See page 4.)

Marching on in Java.

By Commissioner Raikin.

Wherever I have gone since last year's Congress I have tried to make sure that the comrades understood and sang and marched to the Canadian chorus. But I little thought I would be privileged to set it going in Java. Its exact translation into Javanese we found impossible, for it is perhaps characteristic of the country that it takes five syllables to say "true"—setia toohoo—so we just had to be content with—

"We're marching on, we're marching on,
We're marching on together;
God bless our Army round the world
And lead us on to victory."

In case somebody would like to sing that in Javanese, I add the nearest possible reproduction of it phonetically—

"Akoo madjoo, akoo madjoo,
Akoo poda madjoo;
Gooster berkahee balanjan,
Soho pareng wawangan."

I assure you they sing it very well, and are as fully resolved as they can understand to be to march so as to keep step with you or with any section of our comrades, and the mere singing of anything salvationist in Javanese is a blessed victory.

From the very first our pioneers have pointed out that Javanese was the language with which alone we could conquer any considerable number of Javanese. But, whereas it takes a very long time, and an immensity of trouble, to learn that, the Malay language, which is known and used by all alike in the coast towns, seemed to be a far readier way to the people. All honor to the noble band who, in spite of the conviction that they were practically throwing the years away, have labored and endured on till now at last, thank God, there seems to be the prospect of a real advance.

The great party of eleven, recently arrived from Europe and Australia, have thrown themselves with the greatest energy, not only, into the learning of the language, but into the native mode of dress and living, so far as these are consistent with a red-hot officer's life. Most of them are at present at a sort of farm colony, founded by an Army officer who was unable to endure the long wait to get at the people properly, but who remains a true comrade at heart. The 500 Javanese in the colony delight to sing the oldest of our Army favorites. They have five different bands—brass, drum and fife, tambourine, string, and wind, the last I think best of all for our purposes, being the popular music of the country. A picture of it appeared in All the World for May, though, unfortunately, it was put, by some mistake, as if it were ours. We shall have such, and the mere sound of them ensures always a Javanese crowd. But it is no joke to go out with such a band! Two men are needed to carry the great copper gong, which takes the big drum's place, and the rest of the instruments are like great copper pots, loosely enough swing in bamboo frames to give out a most musical sound. Natives also construct wonderful instruments of bamboo wood. It needs no prophet to predict that we shall have a very large amount of inexpensive music here. The people, though strangely wanting in song in everyday life, are remarkably quick in learning music, and quite as hearty as any in singing it when they know it.

At any rate, "Marching on" has been taken up with the heartiest enthusiasm everywhere, and as I have seen them marching and clapping and singing it out from the earliest morning to the latest night hours, I have felt sure of a gigantic victory in this country.

The Mahomedanism which is universal here has just helped some of the original heathenism away without taking possession seriously of many of the people. The call to prayer is never heard except so far as a big

drum can give it, and I have yet to see any Javanese at prayer, either morning, noon or night. We have, therefore, a nation without a religion to take note of.

I have had to try to convince Javanese that God is able to save men to the extent of leaving a "beautiful homestead" to go out and follow Jesus Christ; and, thank God, a number of them instantly responded, one even offering to go to China. As they watch the Australians, who have left all for Java's sake, I trust many more will become infected with the "marching on" spirit.

But, thank God, the reinforcements have come up in time, and if Brigadier Van Rossum keeps his health I have no doubt there will soon be triumphs that will abundantly comfort Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Brouwer over the endurance and sorrows of the past eleven years' pioneering. The climate and scenery are beautiful beyond description, though your Bermudas may give you some little idea of both. May God keep us "marching on."

TRYING ORDEAL.

Poor girl! All through the dinner-time she was feeling so upset and nervous, for she had made up her mind to go through what she knew would be a very trying ordeal, namely, to tell her father of her intention to become a Candidate.

Ethel's mother was a Salvationist, and she herself had been a soldier and local officer for some years. But father was greatly opposed to the Army, and Ethel knew a big storm would break out when she informed him of her desire to enter the work as an officer.

Earnest entreaties for courage ascended to God as Ethel made her way to the room in which her father was working. In a few brave words the girl told him of her intention. Hardly had she finished speaking before her father arose, and, coming close to his daughter, and shaking his fist in her face, gave vent to such angry and cruel words as made her shudder.

Three weeks of trial followed, during which the father never spoke a single word to the brave girl. It was a trying time, but she was wonderfully sustained through it all, and a few months later she entered the Training Home.

PRISON WORK IN AFRICA.

Ready Recognition of the Army's Success in this Work.

The Directors of Prisons at Pretoria recently had an interview with Brigadier Palstra, and intimated that the Salvation Army, having the organization and the experienced workers, are in position to do the work of assisting discharged prisoners better and more effectually than other people.

Some discussion took place as to what could be done to help prisoners who might be discharged from the smaller jails in country places, where the working expenses would be altogether out of proportion to the scope for work even if homes were opened, and it was finally decided that in future all prisoners should be drafted to Johannesburg, from all the other prisons in the Transvaal, one month before their discharge.

This arrangement is made so that our officer will have an opportunity of dealing with them in his meetings, getting to know them through interviews, and inducing them to take advantage of the Army's Home and Farm.

The Director, understanding that the Brigadier traveled a good deal, suggested that he would be very glad if he would give the various prisons a look-up, paying special attention to such prisoners as might be in the hospitals, and in order to facilitate his doing so, issued him a permanent pass which will admit the Brigadier to all the prisons in the Colony.

Death to the Christian is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all his joys.—Aughey.

Mother Sunshine."

One or Two of My Many Bright Memories of Mother Florence.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Dear, cheery, smiling Mother Florence—"Mother Sunshine," Commissioner Combe used to call her in the old days of her first Rescue Work experience. She was so bright and happy, with a smile and blessing for all. When the writer was in charge of the Drunks' Home, Toronto, Mother Florence was one of the three happy helpers. We had many visitors call at the Home, to see the work and enquire into its progress. Mother Florence always said to the callers, "You must leave a prayer, a tear, or a dollar bill behind," and many listening to her stories of the work left all three with us; invariably the tear was dropped upon the carpet of the little sitting-room. Her warm, loving heart used to grieve much over the terrible ruin and degradation wrought by sin as we witnessed it in our Home. One hundred and forty-four victims of inebriety passed through our hands and care the year I had the privilege of overseeing the work. Many had fallen into the lowest depths to which a woman can sink, marrred and scarred by sin in its most loathsome form; but none were too polluted for her loving hand to reach, and not only did she oftentimes pray until the tears coursed down her own cheeks and those of her listeners, but she showed her love in a most practical way.

One of the initiation rules of the Home was that every woman should have a bath. Some very seriously objected to this, but Mother Florence's arm was as strong as her love, and she used both, in helping to carry out the purpose of the work, that the inmates should be purified, body, mind, and spirit.

"Be merciful if you are powerful," cried one woman, as she vigorously assisted her with her toilet.

"I will get my death of cold, for I have not had a bath for sixteen years," exclaimed another as the refreshing streams were poured upon her by the indefatigable Mother Florence.

She toiled early and late for the women, going out with a basket to bring in the food, gifts for the inmates, donated by kind friends—grocers, butchers, bakers and others—who in this way helped to supply the Home.

The women loved her. How could it be otherwise? They knew she was devoted to them; that day and night she would serve them in every possible way. "Mother" was their friend and confidante. Into her sympathetic heart they poured the pitiful tales of their sorrows and sins. She pleaded at the throne for hours on their behalf, and when victory came—as, thank God, it did come—her glad "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!" rang out more enthusiastically than any other ejaculation of joy. Poor, dear, good old soul! We all loved her. Her religion was a bright and joyous one, full of hope and faith. She always talked of the "happy land far away." She believed in God's redemption plan there was mercy for "whosoever" would repent and serve Him, and in His heavenly home there was room for all.

My last letter from her, from Topeka, Kansas, written a few days before her death, was full of expressions of peace without strife and glory without cloud "across the river" and closed with loving words of confidence in God and the assurance of a happy re-union on "the other side." "If I never see you again, dear, precious friend, I will see you in Father's house. Hallelujah!"

A strange, inexplicable dispensation of God's promise has permitted her to be suddenly called away. There is a vacant place in our hearts; a shadow over our spirits, as we think that never more shall we hear her happy voice and look upon her sunny face, but surely she fought a good fight and she kept her faith," and she has gone to higher service to the fair home into which so many we have loved have passed.

Brigadier Glover

[This sketch of our new Provost for Newfoundland would have been published earlier, but we have held it over of securing a photo of Brigadier Glover, having been unsuccessful in this so far. The sketch and shall reproduce on.—Ed.]

Brigadier and Mrs. Glover came to a splendid Salvation Army recruit still, a real, old-time, true blood—that delights in God's warfare each new commission as another extend His Kingdom, God-given leaders.

Nehemiah Glover was a British lad, whose parents left their aged and settled in the teeming London Hammersmith when he was born.

We did not venture to ask the year of his birth, but very recently volunteer the far more important to a Salvationist—that of his spiritual birth into the Kingdom of God.

May 26th, 1897, is the ever-blazing which clusters a rich memory of mercy to youthful Nehemiah. At 17 of the Christian Mission the boy broke into his dark soul under the ministry of Tom Payne, an excellent Missioner, who had a wonderful as a teacher of Holy Ghost doctrine.

"I remember," said the Brigadier. Payne actually got the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was on a Sunday meeting the holiness meeting was in progress. The Holy Spirit descended upon him, knew it."

He was giving out that grand old hymn,

"Come, Holy Ghost, O Quicken my soul, and, as at Pentecost, the fire fell there. He was a man of prayer, hunger and desire for sinners' conversion so great that he never went to bed at night, but spent the whole night in prayer.

Little wonder that one of our spiritual children should be found to be for God and winning hundreds over a lapse of twenty-six years—dear son of the divine commission, "I have . . . that ye should go and宣传 the gospel, and that your fruit should be sweet."

Young Glover was not an enthusiast to the things of God even at the four years previously, as a lad left school, he had been brought into the Army and manifested to be a Christian.

Novel-reading had, however, been his curse. His thirst for knowledge devoured all kinds of literature lying hands upon, and, alas! the cheapest easily obtained was of the damnation "dime" character, so pernicious.

The date above mentioned marks era in his life, and from that whole bent of his career was uprooted. "Old things passed away." God-ward. "Old things passed away." All things became new."

At Hammersmith corps some of the diablos' battles were fought, scarcely yet known by that name, plodding its victorious way through fighting, rioting, opposition, and distance from Skeleton Army, and mob law.

"Spicy warfare," the Brigadier reflectively, as memory retraced years.

Call to Officership.

This was definite and unmistakable. Very short time of tuition had to leaders were badly needed, and the warrior was sent to Portsmouth to train.

It was not all easy sailing then, fellow-comrade was older than he, what resented the young fledglings, but Glover did what was

Brigadier Glover, Newfoundland's New P. O.

This sketch of our new Provincial Officer for Newfoundland would have appeared earlier, but we have held it over in the hope of securing a photo of Brigadier Glover. Having been unsuccessful in this so far we print the sketch and shall reproduce a photo later on.—Ed.]

Brigadier and Mrs. Glover come to us with a splendid Salvation Army record, and, better still, a real, old-time, true blood-and-fire spirit that delights in God's warfare, and accept each new commission as another chance to extend His Kingdom, God-given through our leaders.

Nehemiah Glover was a British rural-born lad, whose parents left their agricultural life and settled in the teeming London suburb of Hammersmith when he was but a boy of seven.

We did not venture to ask the Brigadier the year of his birth, but very readily did he volunteer the far more important information to a Salvationist—that of his spiritual new-birth into the Kingdom of God.

May 26th, 1897, is the ever-blessed date to which clusters a rich memory of God's great mercy to youthful Nehemiah. At corps No. 17 of the Christian Mission the light of God broke into his dark soul under the weighty ministry of Tom Payne, an early Christian Missioner, who had a wonderful reputation as a teacher of Holy Ghost doctrines.

"I remember," said the Brigadier, "when Payne actually got the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was on a Sunday morning, while the holiness meeting was in progress, the Holy Spirit descended upon him, and we all knew it."

He was giving out that grand song—

"Come, Holy Ghost, O Quickening Fire!" and, as at Pentecost, the fire fell then and there. He was a man of prayer, and his soul-hunger and desire for sinners' conversion was so great that he never went to rest on Saturday night, but spent the whole night in ardent prayer.

Little wonder that one of such a man's spiritual children should be found fighting for God and winning hundreds of souls after a lapse of twenty-six years—a demonstration of the divine commission, "I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

Young Glover was not an entire stranger to the things of God even at that time, for four years previously, as a lad just having left school, he had been brought into touch with the Army and manifested some desire to be a Christian.

Novel-reading had, however, been his curse. His thirst for knowledge led him to devour all kinds of literature he could lay hands upon, and, alas! the cheapest and most easily obtained was of the damaging, sensational "dime" character, so pernicious in influence.

The date above mentioned marked a new era in his life, and from that onward the whole bent of his career was unwaveringly God-ward. "Old things passed away, and all things became new."

At Hammersmith corps some glorious soldierhood's battles were fought. The Army, scarcely yet known by that name, was steadily plodding its victorious way through stiff fighting, rioting, opposition, and obstinate resistance from Skeleton Army, hoodlum, and mob law.

"Spicy warfare," the Brigadier called it, reflectively, as memory retraced those early years.

Call to Officership.

This was definite and unmistakable. A very short time of tuition had to suffice, for leaders were badly needed, and the youthful warrior was sent to Portsmouth II. to take charge.

It was not all easy sailing then, either. His fellow-comrade was older than he and somewhat resented the young fledgling's responsibilities, but Glover did what was right and

stuck to his post and brighter, happier experiences were in store for him when, as Lieutenant and Captain Estill (now the Commissioner in Holland) he went successively to South Shields, Sunderland, and Nottingham.

Later came a Captaincy, and blessed fighting days in charge of such corps as Bradford, Plymouth, Ipswich, Nottingham, Bristol Circus, and Congress Hall, Brighton, etc.

A few words must sum up one of the many interesting experiences of those early British battles.

At Ipswich an old by-law was unearthed to hamper the open-air exercises of the zealous Salvationists, and the "Skeletons" were not slow to take advantage of the opposition to have some "fun." Primed with drink, supplied at the expense of brewers and publicans, they pitched battle against the peaceful crusaders. Eventually the whole force of forty-six policemen were called out one night to settle the fray betwixt order and ruffianism—the whole forty-six using their batons freely, but succeeded at last.

"Sometimes I was nearly at my wits' end," said the Brigadier, reflectively. "While the excitement lasted I could go through anything, but subsequently the exhaustion was indeed great."

The Marriage Ceremony.

Capt. Glover found his future partner at Bristol Circus—a godly, responsible local officer, having held the important position of Convert Sergeant-Major for a period of seven years. In those days that office included the charge of a working band of visiting sergeants who, under the C. S.-M., fostered with diligent care all the young converts from the time of their first surrender at the pentitent form until enrolment under the flag as fully fledged soldiers.

Marriage to the woman of his choice was consummated at the Brighton Congress Hall, the ceremony being conducted by Commissioner Ridsell, present commander of the

Norwegian forces. A further term of blessed successful field work Capt. and Mrs. Glover shared together, making a total of nineteen corps during his service in England.

Six months' experience as "Quarterly Collection Special" led up to their transfer to the

Australian Colonies,

where, for fifteen years, Brigadier and Mrs. Glover have gloried in much blessed, varied, but direct soul-saving work.

"It has never been any trouble to me to adapt myself to the country and people I was in," said the Brigadier. "I am a firm believer in the organization of the Army; the way it is governed and directed; its rules and regulations; and the divinely-sealed methods which have proved so abundant a success."

Service in Australia included all the varieties of D. O.-ships in Armidale, Ballarat, and Sydney. Then came the colony command of South Australia, followed by a similar charge in Western Australia. In these two appointments the heat was extreme, and tested their physical resources to the full, yet blessed soul-saving work was put in to God's glory, the recital of which would require more space than the present War Cry can offer.

Auckland, New Zealand, and lastly the charge of the Melbourne Division, generally conceded to include the largest and best centres of Salvation Army warfare in the Commonwealth.

Brigadier and Mrs. Glover are blessed with three precious children, the eldest of whom already participates in their life-work in some measure.

They have gone to Newfoundland with open hearts and faith centred upon God for greater victories in soul-winning than any yet rejoiced in.

The Inevitable.

Do we not all, in this very hour, recall a death-bed scene in which some loved one has passed away? And as we bring to mind the solemn reflections of that hour, are we not ready to hear and to heed the voice with which a dying wife once addressed him who stood sobbing by her side: "My dear husband, live for one thing, and only one thing; just one thing—the glory of God, the glory of God!"—E. P. Tenney.



My friend, there will come one day to you a messenger whom you cannot treat with contempt. He will say: "Come with me!" and all your pleas of business cares and earthly loves will be of no avail. When his cold hand touches yours, the key of the counting-room will drop forever, and he will lead you away from all your investments, your speculations, your bank notes and real estate; and with him you will pass into eternity, up to the bar of God. You will not be too busy to die.—A. E. Kittridge.



If thou expect death as a friend, prepare to entertain it; if thou expect death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it. Death has no advantage but when it comes as a stranger.—Quarles.



Yakutat Potlotok Dancers.

Our Honor Roll in Heaven.

To the Memory of Canadian Officers and Soldiers Fallen in the Fight During 1905.

Throughout the length and breadth of our vast Territory, our ranks have been visited again and again by the death angel this year, and young and old, in city and village, have been summoned to the Father's house above.

Looking over the records revealed by our War Cry files, one is struck with the fact that whilst many were released from beds of sickness, a large number of comrades were taken from apparently healthy conditions. Swiftly, suddenly, in the midst of a busy, vigorous life the call has reached them, in many cases no time being allowed for farewells or other preparations for the long, long journey than those already made, settled and signed long ago.

Scarcely a District is left out in the representative gathering called from earth to heaven, composed of locals, soldiers, juniors, bandsmen, and all conditions of our rank and file. It will do us all good to revive their memories, and glean lessons for life and warfare from the testimonies left behind.

Last Messages.

As autumn winds blew and leaves began to fall a year ago, Mrs. Will Arthur, known better as Mattie Gamble, the sister of Mrs. Major Phillips, exchanged earth for heaven, after seventeen years' faithful warriorship at Summerside, P.E.I.

"Tell them," she cried, "I am passing through the gates, and I have the victory."

Brother Reynolds had but recently been transferred from England to the Temple corps, Toronto. In the best of health he attended knee-drill, and gave this testimony: "I did not intend to come to this knee-drill, but I felt it would not be right for me to stay away. I obeyed the voice and came, for I cannot tell if I shall have the opportunity to come next Sunday."

During that week our comrade met with an accident, and on the following Sunday the summons came. A lapse of consciousness whilst lying in the hospital gave him the chance to reassure Staff-Capt. Coombs that his soul was "all right."

From the banks of Newfoundland many dear ones were called into the heavenly harbor. Aged Ann Hickman, a deaf mute, who from her own corner in Grand Bank, and in her dumb, silent manner, gave nevertheless eloquent testimony by gestures to Jesus' power to save. Mrs. Sopher, of Hant's Harbor, witnessed that death had no terrors to her soul.

Mrs. Walker, the Color-Sergeant's daughter also, of Little Current, died with a testimony of triumph upon her lips.

While the memorial service of Mrs. Cox was actually in progress, at Lippincott St., a telegraphic message reached our dear Treasurer's wife, summoning her to immediately repair to Winnipeg, in which city, Treasurer Smith was smitten. She took the next train, but received another wire on the ears the next day with the sad information that he had passed away. Sudden death undoubtedly meant sudden glory in his case.

Following that the Winnipeg corps was bereaved of yet other three comrades.

Mrs. George Galloway, a good and faithful soldier for ten years or more, said:

"Tell the soldiers I am not afraid to die; I am going home to be with Jesus."

Johnny Innis, the next to be taken, was but a young man, and on the day of his burial the summons reached Brother Chas. Comer, at one time an officer in England, as he lay singing the praises of God in a hospital bed. The attendant nurse declared it was an unusual thing to see one die so happy.

Gloom o'erspread Port Simpson, B.C., at tidings of the wreck of S.S. Esso-come, which occasioned the death, by drowning, of four children, one being the child of Brother and Sister Morrison.

At Petrolia Mother Churchill fought a good fight for twenty years, and went joyfully to her reward.

Sister Minnie Cook, of Brampton, whose brief life yet recorded faithful service, died declaring how happy she was.

Brother Sandy Watts, of Port Hood, C.B., followed his sister to the gloryland three weeks after her entrance, his uncomplaining spirit and simple trust in God making radiant the death chamber.

Little Willie Crann, of Famish Cove, Nfld., was only ten years old, but to him it was given to buoy up with faith and cheer the loved ones who found it so hard to part.

"Mamma, don't cry for me," he said, "I am going home to heaven, to dwell with Jesus, and my little brother and sister; I can see them now, they are waiting for me."

Sister Southworth, of Thedford, was very earnest and much beloved. The last Sunday night she attended the meeting her heart was so full that after giving her testimony she rose a second time to lovingly warn souls of their danger, saying as she did so, it might be her last opportunity.

Shortly after the New Year had dawned the chariot lowered for Brother Willie Sparks, of New Glasgow. Only a young man, he was an ardent and much-loved junior worker.

"Yes, Jesus is precious," were his last words of happy assurance.

Father White, of Bowmanville, crossed the river early in January at the ripe age of 81 years. For many years he had witnessed a good confession, and was both a loyal soldier and good friend to the Army's cause.

Another veteran in Army ranks, the mother of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Ayre, who was the first convert at Bowmanville, passed away at Calgary about the same time. Catherine Stanton's triumphant message was, "I have fought a good fight." She fairly revelled in the opportunities of War Cry selling, and disposed of no less than 200 of the last Christmas number, although over seventy years of age.

Brother McCoy, of Trenton, sang through his last night on earth. His favorite chorus was, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes." For nineteen years he had ever been at his post ready with prayer or testimony.

Father Pardon, of Charlottetown, passed away while the year was young, after spending sixty-four years living and working for Jesus. Like a patriarch he stood as a monument of God's goodness and mercy.

Newfoundland's fighting ranks were again thinned in the winter months. Brother Geo. Young, of Wild Bight, witnessed, "All is well." Brother Norris, of Wesleyville; Mrs. Bennett, of Fortune, and Mrs. Wm. White, whose son and daughter are well known as officers in Canada, all left a bright and clear testimony of victory through the blood of the Lamb. Mrs. Pynn, of Jackson's Cove, although shut away from meetings manifested a soul filled with the love of God up to the last.

Brother McLaren's home call, from New Glasgow, N.S., came about this time also. A full, clear answer to his brother and co-partner in business was given:

"Oh, it is all right. I could gladly close

my eyes and go now. Tell the boys it is grand to be ready."

Bro. Englett, of Minot, also finished his course triumphantly ere the spring days came.

About Easter time several other comrades received their summons. John Wittycomb, of St. John III., had only been converted a few months, and in good health left his home for daily toil as usual, after prayer and Scripture reading. But sudden death befell him, through a railway accident, ere 12:30 came. His open Bible revealed the place where he had been reading, and his spirit of earnest desire and love for souls had made its mark in the copy from which he was so unexpectedly removed. He had been busy making a scroll of welcome to be displayed on the Commissioner's expected visit.

A short but painful illness translated Mrs. Price from her husband's side in the fighting ranks of Riverside. Her love and zeal in junior warfare were greatly missed. Secretary Crogan, of Victoria, B.C., was also called up about the same time to surrender his beloved wife, who for many years had taken a faithful stand as a soldier in the Northwest.

"Jesus is waiting to carry me over," were the reassuring words of faith and cheer with which she touched the river's brink.

"When I'm nearing Jordan's billow,
Let Thy bosom be my pillow."

Thirty-six hours of intense suffering was the only intimation that the time had come given for Sister Mrs. Bell, of Winnipeg, and her husband and children were called upon to give her up to be forever with Jesus.

"I am prepared to meet my God," exclaimed Mrs. Thomas Knott, of Port Simpson, B.C., ere her spirit fled away to the heavenly home of which she sang. Husband and two local officers, missed her sorely.

Father Laing, of Guelph, had found the Word of God his chief delight during a long and useful life. He had read it from cover to cover twenty-nine times ere he went to see the King in His beauty.

Mrs. George Morris, of Mount Vernon, mainly used of God to open the way for the establishment of the Army in her town. For twenty years she stuck to the fight, and many comrades testified of the blessing her faithful words of life had been to them.

Hamilton I. lost a faithful junior worker in the death of Mrs. Harris, better known as Clara Thatcher, but her last words were, "I am ready."

Daddy Broadwell, of Kingsville, Ont., had fought many a battle for God and the Army. When the corps was without officers for a long period he and his wife held up the flag and continued to work most bravely, bearing all the time that God would honor their faith and send them leaders again.

It was recorded of Brother John Darrah, of Port Arthur, Ont., that he served God from principle. His noble testimony outlives him still.

Grandpa Tilley, also known as "Uncle Joe" of Clarenville, Nfld., passed away near Ratton's opening. His bright and glad "Hallelujahs!" were always ready, and his hospitable heart and home have welcomed many a lone traveler and officer.

Halifax IV. was called upon to surrender to Treasurer George Gray for the courts about His influence and example still live on.

St. John's III., Burk's Falls, and Little Ward's Island were also visited by the death angel, who summoned Sister Mrs. Whitmarsh, Brother Elvin Snider, and Father Wm. Weir. Mrs. Elizabeth Granby of Grand Falls was also taken after long and patient testimony to the saving power of God in her painful illness.

Chesley corps lost a faithful twenty-year-old soldier in the person of Mrs. Sillier, who was greatly missed.

Drum Sergeant Thomas Dulmage, of Toronto, received the summons in the man of life and eager plans for assisting the Denial campaign. His death, from on the cars, was instantaneous.

Promoted Canadian

Ever green in memory are the names of comrades' lives who have been exchanged earth's battlefield for the past twelve months.

Mrs. Adjt. Cav

had completed eighteen years of faithful warrior and soul-winner's service. She was perhaps best known as Emma Allen, the precious words on her lips and again: "And they shall s-

The Eastern Province was yet another notable officer in the corps.

Capt. Hawbold

Only a couple of hours before he died he was pleading earnestly, though with a backslid who stood beside him.

"There is but one thread holding me to life. When it breaks I shall be with Jesus."

Messages to her last corps, a cadre-officers were faithfully carried out the spirit of intense devotion in the war which she had entered.

Adjt. William Hu

was a warrior of nineteen years. Native of the village of St. George, he was a soldier of Windsor corps, being lovingly nick-named "the useful," and as this implies he could be relied upon, to carry out whatever might be required of him. His was a Field and District Officer's career, including also Garrison work and Hamilton.

Of later years the indomitable prisoner-bound in a weak disease-prone body. Through long years of love for the war never waned, and he found him "ready and a willing servant to the King, whose service he sought."

Staff-Capt. C. Arthur

Perhaps the most severe loss in Canada this year was

and myself which tragic fate. Capt. Peter midst of us saving work above.

The stances were the minds. On May 2nd he engaged in a vital service.

the Staff-Captain went early on a swim. After the strokes, which carried him from edge, he was never seen again. An effort made to drag the river at his body was in vain.

During his fifteen years' service he filled twenty-three distinct posts comprising Field, Staff, and Signal. His whole soul was afire with enthusiasm in the service.

Many touching testimonies accrued from his holy influence. His life has been received from God to tell to God's glory what he was.

It is not hard for us to believe that he wanted him for higher service. His soul was ripe thereto.

Staff-Capt. Florence K.

A saint indeed! Within a few months small outward temple dwelt the devoted spirit of intense love for Jesus and all that pertains to His service.

Recalling the privileges of her side of some sixteen years ago, about, not a single reminiscence or manifestation of any other soulful consecration exists. Florence revelled in and exhibited the love of Christ. Her life was swallowed up in His will. Mostly behind the scenes courted popularity, but esteeming

Promoted Canadian Officers.

Ever green in memory are the dear comrades' lives who have been called upon to exchange earth's battlefield for heaven during the past twelve months.

Mrs. Adj't. Cave

had completed eighteen years' record as a faithful warrior and soul-winner of front-rank service. She was perhaps better known to Easterners as Emma Allen. She died with the precious words on her lips, repeated again and again: "And they shall see God."

The Eastern Province was destined to lose yet another notable officer in the person of

Capt. Hawbold.

Only a couple of hours before her death she was pleading earnestly, though in a whisper, with a backslider who stood beside her bed.

"There is but one thread holding me," said she, "When it breaks I shall be happy with Jesus."

Messages to her last corps, and to her comrade-officers were faithfully carried, bearing out the spirit of intense devotion, and interest in the war which she had ever sustained.

Adj't. William Hunter

was a warrior of nineteen years' service. Native of the village of St. Croix, N.S., he was a soldier of Windsor corps in its early days, being lovingly nicknamed, "Old Faithful," and as this implies he could always be relied upon, to carry out whatever service might be required of him. His experience as a Field and District Officer was varied, including also Garrison work both at Toronto and Hamilton.

Of later years the indomitable spirit was prison-bound in a weak disease-smiten temple. Through long years of invalidism his love for the war never waned, and the death-call found him "ready and a-waiting" to go in and see the King, whose service was his delight.

Staff-Capt. C. Arthur Perry.

Perhaps the most severe loss to our fighting ranks in Canada this year was the unoward and mysterious event which translated Staff-Capt. Perry from the midst of active, soul-saving work to the hosts above.

The sad circumstances will still be in the minds of our readers. On May 25th, when engaged in a series of revival services at Ottawa, the Staff-Captain went early one morning to indulge in a swim. After the first few bold strokes, which carried him from the water's edge, he was never seen again, and every effort made to drag the river and recover the body was in vain.

During his fifteen years' service he had filled twenty-three distinct appointments, comprising Field, Staff, and Special duties. His whole soul was afire with zeal and intense enthusiasm in the service of God.

Many touching testimonials of blessing accruing from his holy influence and prayer-life have been received from comrades eager to tell of God's glory what he was to them.

It is not hard for us to believe that God wanted him for higher service and that his soul was ripe thereunto.

Staff-Capt. Florence Kinton.

A saint indeed! Within a delicate frame and small outward temple dwelt her loyal, devoted spirit of intense love and fervor for Jesus and all that pertains to His kingdom.

Recalling the privileges of co-service by her side of some sixteen years ago, or thereabouts, not a single reminiscence of selfishness or manifestation of any other than whole-souled consecration exists. Florence Kinton always revelled in and exhibited the love of Christ. Her life was swallowed up in doing His will. Mostly behind the scenes, she never courted popularity, but esteeming others bet-

ter than herself, she faithfully followed the meek and lowly Jesus.

Gifted beyond her fellows with artist's brush and the pen of a ready writer she had it in her power to make a name for herself. This talent she dedicated to Christ once and for ever—

"Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified"

seemed to breathe out her daily prayer. Her love for and tact with children were but two of the many graces which adorned her womanhood. She had a great heart with wide sympathies, and in the Army's Christlike work of recruiting the fallen, visiting the prisoners, and caring for neglected children she found plenty of scope for that larger life, lived beyond the radius of one's own tiny circle, which produces fruit one hundred fold.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce one of her messages, so that she, being dead, yet speaketh.



Catherine Booth,

"Our Salvation Army Mother."

Mrs. General Booth's imperishable last message: "My dear children and friends, I have loved you much and in God's strength have helped you a little. Now, at His call, I am going away from you. The war must go on. Self-Denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something. I send you my blessing. Fight on, and God will be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in heaven."

Our Sainted Army Mother.

During the impressive memorial service held in the International Congress Hall last year, the General's remarks upon his beloved wife touched every heart.

"In the first place," said the General, "she would have rejoiced at the magnitude, power, and prominence which the Salvation Army has gained. That would be to her heart a great gratification. She always had a big ambition for the kingdom of God. She never said, 'Make us little and unknown, loved and praised by God alone.'"

Again, "She would have rejoiced in the stand the Army has made for the great cardinal truths, that we have been kept faithful to those great doctrines and essential principles of the Word of God and eternal rightness during the days that have passed away. She delighted in the truth. These great truths were dearer to her than life, and she delighted to proclaim them. No matter how weak and trembling her poor body might be, the thought of standing up between the living and the dead, to be a messenger of mercy,

and to proclaim salvation to the sons and daughters of men, was the delight of her soul. She preached on/almost with dying lips. In fact, they thought at the City Temple, where she preached her last sermon, as she fell back, that the last sentence had been uttered, and the swoon was caused by a stoppage of the heart.

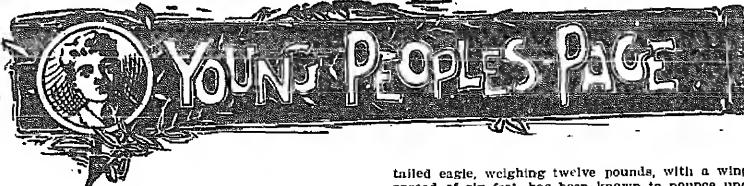
"Then I think she would have rejoiced in the soul-saving spirit of to-day. Her convictions were strong that it was no use trying to heal the wounded until the heart was stricken, that men must feel their sinfulness and wrong, before the balm of Calvary was poured in. She delighted to do it, she knew how to brandish the sword, she knew how to pierce the heart, she knew how to make men and women feel their condition; she did not hold back her hand from blood. There was no toadying or going around the question for her. She went straight to the point, and when conviction was produced, then she was sweet, tender, and persevering in her efforts to heal the wounds which the sword had made."

U. S. A. Losses.

Of comrades across the border who "finished their course," we must mention one or two, whose names even in the Dominion were well known as front-rank warriors for God and souls.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Stephen Marshall was a Canadian by birth, and in her maiden days was known as Lucinda Keetch, of Newmarket, Ont. She was the daughter of the Rev. John Keetch, a Methodist minister, and had served in the ranks for nineteen years with unwavering devotion and tireless zeal. The circumstances of her death were peculiarly sorrowful and unexpected, for the Colonel himself was actually in mid-ocean, on his return journey from the International Congress. Throughout her career, even when the thronging claims of a little family clamored for the major part of her time and attention, her heart retained its ardor for God's cause, and love and simplicity marked all her relations with comrade-officers and with the sinners she ever sought to lead to Jesus. One of the thousands of people who availed themselves of a last look at her much-loved face, lying in its casket ere burial, was an old woman who had obtained an hour from daily employ for the purpose. Tears flowed down her face as she exclaimed: "I have lost a friend indeed; for nearly four years ago that dear saint pointed me to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and brought a brightness into my darkened life which has remained ever since. Oh, how I loved her, and shall miss her."

Brigadier Henry Stillwell received the home-call after twenty-two years' faithful consecutive toil in the ranks on March 14th. He was one of the pioneers in opening up the Army's work in California and the U. S. Pacific Coast, and as such passed through a good deal of tough fighting. Kicked, cuffed, stoned and almost stripped, his early experience savors almost of the same species as Paul's, the great missionary apostle; but although patience and perseverance won the day and firmly laid the foundation of a good, glorious and permanent work for God in the far Western States, it also revealed the true mettle and self-sacrificing spirit of those who conquered by endurance. Corps, Divisional, Provincial, and National Headquarters Staff work were allotted to him respectively as the years went by. At his funeral service his brave little widow told of his intense love for the war, when as a suffering invalid he would say to her, "I haven't the strength now to do a ten-days' meeting, but you can go—I will not hold you back." His last words resound with the triumphant ring of an indomitable faith: "I do not need to go up to bring Him down," he cried, "nor do I need to go down to bring Him up—He is here!" So he passed from the glory-lit valley to the many mansions prepared above.



THE UNSEEN LIFE.

There's many a flower that blooms unseen
In many a spot where no mortal has been,
Arrayed by its Maker so wondrously fair.
It sheds its perfume in the pure mountain air;
There lonely it lives till its brief life is flown,
Unseen, unadmired, untouched, and unknown.

There many a life that is lived unseen,
Save only by Him whose vision is keen—
A life more beautiful than flowers in May,
One of self-sacrifice for others each day—
A life of obedience, of goodness, and rest,
A life lived for Jesus, the noblest and best.

There's many a deed, heroic and grand,
That has never been known throughout our land;
There's many a prayer, oft offered in tears,
That has never been heard by mortal ears;
There's many a cup of cold water been given
That has only been seen by the angels in heaven.

Like many a flower excluded from view,
Our lot may be humble, our talents be few,
Our place may not be with the world's busy throng,
Our voice may not ring with the valiant and strong;
Yet unseen and unheard our heart may be right,
Our heart may be lovely and pure in His sight.

P. N. Esnout.

BIRD STORIETTES.

After Three Years.

After flying about the country for nearly three years a blue checked pigeon, which in June, 1902, was shipped to Gordonville, S.C., to be entered in a five hundred mile contest for young birds, returned to the loft of its owner, John Dethoff. The small ring of identification remains intact on its leg.

♦ ♦ ♦

Blackbird's Good Work.

One day last season, as the barley in my fields was ripening the blackbirds began gathering about it, and my farmer began to anathematize them as thieves and robbers, feeding upon what they did not sow. "Why, they come," he said, "in clouds from Naushon, and all about us." Notwithstanding, I told him I was satisfied that they did more good than harm, and that they were welcome to their share. The harvest began, and as the mowers reached the middle of the field they found the stalks of grain very much stripped and cupped up by the army worm. When the barley was down they commenced to march out of the field in compact stream through the barley into the next one, and here we saw clearly what the blackbirds were after. They pounced upon the worms and devoured them by thousands, very materially lessening their numbers. The worms were so numerous the birds could not destroy them all, but they materially lessened them and their power of mischief. All honor, then, to the blackbirds, which are usually counted as mischievous, and are destroyed by farmers like vermin.

♦ ♦ ♦

Eagles Mate but Once.

The married life of most birds could be taken for a model even by members of the human family. There is, for instance, the staid, dignified and homely bald headed eagle—the glorious emblem of the American Republic. He mates but once, and lives with his one mate until he or she dies. If left a widower—even a young widower—the bald headed eagle never mates again. He remains alone and consolates in the nest on the rocky crag or in the branches of a tall pine that formed his domicile while his mate was alive. No other female eagle can tempt him to forsake his disconsolate life. With him, once a widow, always a widow.

The golden woodpecker lives in a happy married state, mating but once. If the male dies his mate's grief is lasting, and she lives a widowed bird the rest of her life. So, too, the male woodpecker never seeks another mate after the death of his own. He sits on a tree beside their nest day and night, trying to recall her; then at length, discouraged and hopeless, he becomes silent and never regains his gaiety.

♦ ♦ ♦

Birds' Strength.

Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume, he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen chickens for breakfast, and six turkeys for the evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat 700 grass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full-grown man.

A bird's strength is equally amazing. A white-

tailed eagle, weighing twelve pounds, with a wing spread of six feet, has been known to pounce upon a pig weighing forty-two pounds, raise it to a height of a hundred feet and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins, when nesting, will feed their young ones in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro, in an hour, or about 1,000 a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching the insects.

Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest in 430 minutes; and the prey carried home consisted of larger, heavier, and harder-to-find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were twenty good-sized caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, eleven worms, and more than one fat chrysanthemum.

THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE.

The whole Bible was translated into English the first time by the venerable Bede, in the beginning of the eighth century. In the year 735 there stood on the south bank of the Tyne, a little to the west of the modern town of South Shields, a monastery called Jarrow. On the evening of the 26th of May a reverent and sorrowful silence pervaded this retreat. On a low bed in one of the cells lay the venerable Bede; his wasted frame and sunken eyes told that death was near; his breathing was low and labored. By his side sat a young man, with an open scroll and a pen in his hands. Looking with affectionate tenderness into the face of the dying man, he said:

"Now, dearest master, there remains only one chapter, but the exertion is too great for you."



Two Young Chinese Aristocrats.

"It is easy, my son, it is easy," he replied; "take your pen, write quickly; I know not how soon my Master will take me."

Sentences after sentence was uttered with feeble accents, and written by the scribe. Again there was a long pause; nature seemed exhausted. Again the boy spoke:

"Dear master, only one sentence is wanting. It is too, was pronounced slowly and painfully.

"It is finished," said the scribe.

"It is finished," repeated the dying saint, and then added, "Lift my head; place me in the spot where I have been accustomed to pray."

With tender care he was placed as he desired. Then clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes heavenward, he exclaimed, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" and with the last word his spirit passed away.

DINNER WITHOUT POTS OR PANS.

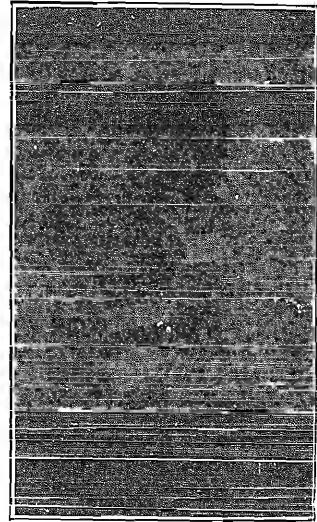
Suppose you start on a trip across the mountains. You have plenty of grub, but you accidentally left your cooking utensils behind—not a Dutch oven, not a frying pan, not a tin plate, nor even a tomato can. Do you suppose for a moment that I would sit down on that sack of flour and starve? Not quite.

Build a big fire, and when it gets low above a lot of good old spuds under the coals. If you have fresh meat the way is clear for broiling. If not, slice your bacon, impale it on a stout switch, and when your spuds are done break them up and allow the

good old bacon grease to drop on them as it burns on the end of that stick. You want coffee. Rip the jacket off that canteen, bring the water to a boil, funnel your coffee in, and your coffee is ready. But now about the bread? No run to mix the dough in, no article in which to bake the bread. You don't like nail cakes? All right. Just mix your baking powder in the top of the stuck, form the flour into a funnel shape, pour in very little water at a time—don't be afraid of getting your fingers balled up—mix that dough right there, and when it is the desired consistency roll it out like a snake. Cut a cane from any old thing, wrap this snake-shaped piece of dough around it in a long coil, turn it before the fire until it is good and brown, and you will have finer bread than grandma ever made.

ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.

To shake hands with a person is rightly regarded as a token of amity, but very few know how the custom arose. According to a French ethnologist, whenever two men met in former times they were



An Indian Papoose.

accustomed to hold up their right hands in front of them as a sign that they had no intention of attacking each other. This mark of confidence, however, did not prove sufficient in all cases for a man may hold up his right hand and yet, if he holds it raised, may have a weapon concealed in it, and therefore, it became the custom for the two right hands to grasp each other, as only thus could assurance be given that no weapon was concealed in either of them.

WHY TALL MEN ARE NOT STRONG.

Tall men, as a rule, have bodies out of proportion to their lower limbs—that is, they are a structure insufficiently supported, with the natural result that they are unable to bear fatigue or to compete in the struggles of life with lesser men more harmoniously proportioned. Army experience bears out these observations. In a long and fatiguing march the tall men usually fall out first or succumb to exhaustion, unless, as is very rarely the case, they have well-knit and symmetrical frames. A soldier between five feet five inches and five feet nine inches is usually the man most capable of bearing the strain of army life.

The wonderful powers of the Japanese soldier for undergoing long marches without showing signs of fatigue are well known. The Japanese are small in stature, but, as a rule, perfectly proportioned and their frugal mode of living enables them to derive all the advantages of their physical conformation and construction.

The wild hordes of Goths and Vandals who overran ancient Rome were small, hairy men of immense strength and power of endurance.

Anyone who has seen the collection of armor in the Tower must have been struck with the smallness of the great majority of the suits of mail. The battles of the world have not been won by giants, nor are the dominant races of the world people of abnormal stature.

The mere fact of our rising generation becoming smaller in regard to strength of body is no indication of physical deterioration, providing the body as a whole is symmetrical and perfectly developed.

A singular instance of a dog being fascinated by terror is recorded from Nottingham, England. A terrier wandered on to the railway line when an express was approaching. It was so fascinated by the sight of the monster that it stood stock still when the train thundered over it at fifty miles an hour. The dog was found uninjured, but shivering with



My Dear Comrades,

Now, as I have explained by red-hot religion I mean the love of God, for comrades, for noble work, and for every possible to men or women in heaven.

I mean hearts made hot such love as will compel us for the welfare of the world. Such love as will make its servant of those beloved, and denying mastery over the enemies of. Such love will be born. For "herein is love, not that but that He loved us."

Look at the mother's love make her sacrifice time, for her child.

Look at the patriot's love compel him to turn his back business, to fight and die for.

And so hot love in the make him lay health, time, possessions at the feet of his use all in blessing and

Saving the Souls

Now, it is this spirit of love that blessed heat in the souls much. As the devil fights an of malice, ambition, selfishness and the other evils that strengthen souls in their way and carries them down the destruction, so the fierce he created and maintained by makes the Salvationist watch and talk and suffer, careless him in doing so, if he can blessed object on which his

But the Holy Spirit only mastering power and burning that have been cleansed from you are resolved to spend you and saving men, and fighting you have a pure heart.

A pure heart will make you those around you, and that result of what you do, but i what you are. People will drawn to love Christ, and see fight for the Army by what Your appeals and your prayer them; but if, in addition, y treasure they will also be holiness and heaven by what

A pure heart, as we have good life. Goodness is attractive it, and are drawn to it in itself. Even if they are slaves of what is bad and do not help admiring what is bad. And if this is the case with and vice, it will be a thousand with those around you will be captivated by the evil. To such hearts, your life, inspired by pure love, will source of light, and strength,

This is what we call influence that is always going or fragrance of a rose. You and place it in the middle day and night it will send for to all around. You have not at it, or with it. You need no or pass it from one to another abroad its pleasant perfume any movement,

By The General.

My Dear Comrades,—

Now, as I have explained to you before, by red-hot religion I mean made hot with the love of God, for comrades, for perishing souls, for noble work, and for every other good thing possible to men or women on earth or in heaven.

I mean hearts made hot with holy love, such love as will compel us to toil and sacrifice for the welfare of the object cared for. Such love as will make its possessor the servant of those beloved, and exercise a self-denying mastery over the heart that experiences it. Such love will be like our Master's. For "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us."

Look at the mother's love. Does it not make her sacrifice time, comfort, and health for her child?

Look at the patriot's love. Does it not compel him to turn his back on home, family, business, to fight and die for his country?

And so hot love in the Salvationist will make him lay health, time, goods, and all he possesses at the feet of his Lord, and there use all in blessing and

Saving the Souls of Men.

Now, it is this spirit of love which makes this blessed heat in the souls of men and women. As the devil lights and feeds the fires of malice, ambition, selfishness, pride, lust, and the other evils that encourage and strengthen souls in their warfare with God, and carries them down the broad way to destruction, so the fierce heat of pure love, created and maintained by the Holy Spirit, makes the Salvationist watch and pray, toil and talk and suffer, careless of what it costs him in doing so, if he can only gain the blessed object on which his heart is set.

But the Holy Spirit only dwells, in all His mastering power and burning zeal, in souls that have been cleansed from evil; so that if you are resolved to spend your life in blessing and saving men, and fighting for your Lord, you have a pure heart.

A pure heart will make you a blessing to those around you, and that not merely as a result of what you do, but from the fact of what you are. People will, no doubt, be drawn to love Christ, and seek salvation, and fight for the Army by what you say and sing. Your appeals and your prayers will all attract them; but if, in addition, you possess this treasure they will also be led to God and will be a precious and desirable thing.

A pure heart, as we have seen, makes a good life. Goodness is attractive; men respect it, and are drawn to it, for what it is in itself.

Even if they are themselves the slaves of what is bad and devilish, they cannot help admiring what is holy and Divine. And if this is the case with the slaves of sin and vice, it will be a thousand times more so with those around you who have already been captivated by the charms of holiness.

To such hearts, your life, if governed and inspired by pure love, will be a constant source of light and strength, and consolation.

This is what we call influence. It is something that is always going on. It is like the fragrance of a rose. You take the flower and place it in the middle of a room, and day and night it will send forth a sweet smell to all around. You have not to do anything at it, or with it. You need not wave it about, or pass it from one to another. It will spread abroad its pleasant perfume quite apart from any movement.

So it is with the soldier who enjoys purity of heart, and lives in harmony with the experience. A holy influence will be going out from him all the time, not only from what he says and does, but from what he is himself.

You feel the power, and the sweetness, and the genuineness of his spirit and devotion. And when you hear his testimony, or listen to his prayers, or hear him pleading with sinners, you feel this blessed influence proceeding from him wherever you find him.

As you look into his eyes, and shake his hand, or sit by his side, it will be there. When you see him in the furnace of affliction, or stand by his dying bed, or follow him to the grave; nay, long after he has passed from mortal sight, this influence will continue to flow out to you. For years to come, a sight of his photograph or the bare mention of his name, will warn your heart, strengthen your courage, sustain your faith, and increase your love for all that is Christlike and true. Why is this, my comrade? It is because you believed he was a holy man. You admired his self-sacrificing life. You felt he had a pure heart.

There is another inducement which should lead you to seek a pure heart, and that is, because it will bring you into the possession of a good hope. This is a precious treasure. To feel that whatever clouds may darken the sky, or whatever sorrows may sweep over your soul; there is good ground for anticipating peace, and joy, and victory in the future, must be a precious and desirable thing.

A soldier who knows that he sincerely loves God, and that he is living in obedience to Him, has an inward assurance that God will care for him, whatever troubles may arise. Whereas one who feels that he has malice,

has no such assurance.

But the Holy Spirit only dwells, in all His

mastering power and burning zeal, in souls

that have been cleansed from evil; so that if

you are resolved to spend your life in blessing

and saving men, and fighting for your Lord,

you have a pure heart.

As the new life opened before him he was as

teachable as a child. Much time was spent

in prayer and with his Bible. He became an

apt scholar, diligent and humble.

Eventually the way was opened for him to

become a preacher of salvation. Always

simple, his message reached the heart, and

being definitely directed for the salvation of

souls, it was hot with intense earnestness.

How He Got the Crowds.

How well I remember the hours he spent

printing his own bills. What pains he took.

How calculated they were to arouse inter-

est; and how at midnight, on a Saturday,

hatred, pride, love of the world, and other wrongs hidden away in his secret soul, and who knows that he is daily neglecting his duty to his family or to himself, to his corps, or the poor sinners about him, can no more have a bright hope that God is going to make him a happy future, than the sinners can expect that they are going to have heaven at the end of a sinful life. He may hope for it, but it will be like the hope of the hypocrite, certain to be destroyed.

But when the soul has the witness of the Spirit and of a consistent life, to the possession of inward purity, it can look forward with confidence to victory over every foe, deliverance out of every sorrow, and in the end glory and honor, immortality and eternal life.

Have these blessed experiences any charm for you, my comrades? Let me review them.

I Think They are Entrancing.

1. There is the holy life that will always be the outcome of a holy heart. If the fountain spring is pure, the flowing waters of daily life and action will be pure also.

2. There is the peace of God that passeth all understanding, which is ever associated with inward holiness. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." The evil left in the soul must make trouble. Purity and peace are bound together by God Himself.

3. There is the presence and indwelling of God as a flame of holy love, which is the strength and spirit of holiness. This is the hasty baptism which burns up hatred, and grudges, and self-seeking, and self-will, and purifies all our motives and affections.

4. There is the useful life and the holy example that flow from a pure heart, which will not only speak in favor of God and holiness while you live, but shall go on influencing the world long after you have passed to your reward in the skies.

5. There is a blooming hope of the future and the brightness of your crown in eternity. The realization of all this glorious experience, my comrades, hangs on your possession of a pure heart. These are only some of the inestimable blessings that flow out of this eternal spring of purity and power. Have you got this treasure? If so, hallelujah! If not, I want you to go down and seek it now.

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

My First Superior Officer.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

he and I would sally forth, armed with these bills, pot of paste and brush, to placard the announcement boards where most likely to catch the eye of the crowds. And when he got them within sound of the barracks, how saturated with zeal were all his efforts to influence men and women for God and bring them in submission to His feet.

I did not have many opportunities of speaking in the larger meetings, but appreciated the privilege of minding door, keeping the singing going, pointing the penitents to Christ, etc. This all helped to fit me for the personal work of visiting converts next day.

One chance, however, my old leader invariably gave me, for which I have been intensely grateful to him ever since.

It was that of lifting up my voice to passers-by in the open-air meetings. What a magnificent training ground this ever affords! And what opportunities are open to young men and women to-day in the privileges granted to us for open-air warfare.

As I look back on these early days of office, memory recalls those open-air stands as among the most hallowed places of my life, where precious lessons were learnt and victories won over self, sin, and the devil.

God also graciously gave souls as a direct result of the open-air meetings, and taught me to go for surrenders on the spot. Hallelujah!

reas to drop on them as it bakes.
hat stick. You want coffee. Go
at canteen, bring the water to a
coffee in, and your coffee is ready.
bread? No pain to mix the dough
which to bake the bread? You don't
All right. Just mix your batch
of the sack, form the flour into a
in very little water at a time,
getting your fingers baked up.
there, and when it is the desired
out like a snake. Cut a cane from
this snake-shaped piece of dough
coil, turn it before the fire will
own, and you will have finer bread
ever made.

OF HAND-SHAKING.

s with a person is rightly regarded
mity, but very few know how the
According to a French ethnologist
men met in former times their ven-

An Indian Papoose.

hold up their right hands in full
sign that they had no intentions of
other. This mark of confidence
sufficient in all cases, for a man's
right hand and yet, if he took
a weapon concealed in it, and
came the custom for the two to
each other, as only thus could it
be known that no weapon was concealed.

L MEN ARE NOT STRONG.

a rule, have bodies out of proportion
—that is, they are like a structure
assembled with the natural result of
e to bear fatigue or to control
life with lesser men more easily
done. Army experience based on
men. In a long and fatiguing march
usually fall out first or second
the less able and less strong
and symmetrical frames. A
five inches and five feet nine
an most capable of bearing the strain.

powers of the Japanese soldiers
r marches without showing signs
known. The Japanese
as a rule, perfectly proportioned
mode of living enables them
advantages of their physical con-
struction.

ies of Gothic and Viking tribes
ne were small, hairy men of immense
power of endurance.

has seen the collection of
Power must have been struck by
the great majority of the races
les of the world have not been
are the dominant races of the world
normal stature.

This is what we call influence. It is something that is always going on. It is like the fragrance of a rose. You take the flower and place it in the middle of a room, and day and night it will send forth a sweet smell to all around. You have not to do anything at it, or with it. You need not wave it about, or pass it from one to another. It will spread abroad its pleasant perfume quite apart from any movement.

instance of a dog being fascinated
from Nottingham. Encountered
on to the railway line and
approaching. It was so fascinated
monster that it stood stock
lured over it at fifty miles
found, whilst, but shivered

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED FOR Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada,
19 Albert Street, Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by type-writer, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address in the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in 12 pages, inquiries about it, or notices referring to subscriptions, rates and changes, etc., should be addressed to Editor, The War Cry, 19 Albert Street, Toronto. Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

Editorial.

OUR GLORIFIED COMRADES.

We feel quite assured that every corps and every officer will see the splendid opportunities, push the claims of the Kingdom, and honor the memory of our departed comrades in the memorial services during the week-end before us.

We have not confined ourselves to references to our glorified officers, although they are generally more widely known, the majority having been in command of many corps, and reference to their career may require a few datas. There is probably no corps, however, who has not some soldiers now glorified. In most cases their memory is kept green by the older soldiers in the corps, who can give interesting testimonies to the life, character and influence of their glorified comrades, which will greatly help to make the meeting especially interesting and impressive. We verily believe Memorial Sunday will stand out as a bright soul-saving day in the history of this year.

THE GENERAL.

The General's second motor tour has probably outdone the first, which caused such a remarkable stir in the Old Country, and the climax of Glasgow will yet be eclipsed by the London reception and the Albert Hall meeting, of which we hope to hear with the next mail. The best spirits of Old England have given expression to their esteem of the General's sterling character and the immense good the Salvation Army is doing. Rich and poor, high officials and delegations of working men have hailed him by choice worded and illuminated addresses, and by hearty shouts and hurrahs in the street. Town and country has put on a holiday appearance, flags and bunting has been used in more or less profusion, and, in short, masses and classes have vied in their efforts to make the General feel their respect, admiration and love. And the General? He remains the same amidst ovations and flowers as he was when curses and stones spoke him welcome. His heart goes out to the poor, the wretched, the drunkard, and the harlot, and the finest reception is not allowed to pass to make it plain to all what his aim and where his life-work is. All honor to our lion-hearted, single-eyed chieftain. Let us follow him closely and we shall not find ourselves astray.

TERMINAL NEWSLETTER.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and Colonel Kyle have returned hale, hearty and happy. Glorious outpourings of the Spirit of Pentecost made the Winnipeg public meetings and officers councils a heaven. Mrs. Coombs took an active part, and has been benefitted by her trip.

Colonel Kyle stayed over Sunday at Bracebridge, where he had some blessed meetings.

THE WAR CRY.

"I know how it feels to be stuck among papers in the office day after day," he said to a comrade officer at T.H.Q., "it isn't as juicy as being in a meeting."

Brigadier Horn, we regret to say, has been compelled to spend a few days in bed, but is now coming around again.

"Our Own Make" instruments are gaining continually in favor. Glace Bay is one of the latest bands which have received a new set from England, and is exhibiting them in one of the windows in town. Admiring crowds gather around it, and the local musicians are much impressed with their quality of tone and workmanship.

How would you like a clock which plays a chorus every hour, such as, "Trusting Thee ever, doubting Thee never," or "Grace there is my every debt to pay"? You can have one from the Trade Secretary, who has them for sale. How much? Ask him, he knows.

Mrs. Southall is delighted that the Children's Home is now again re-opened, and Mrs. Ensign Crocker is happy in her beloved work. Don't forget the children in your prayers—and your donations.

The Servants' Receiving Home will be in operation when this appears in print. We can accommodate forty to fifty girls when the entire plan is carried out. And not a cent has been asked for this yet—but you need not wait until asked before giving your subscription. He gives doubly who gives quickly.

Word has just been received of the sudden death of Ensign Sim McDonald, who died on Saturday. We have no further particulars at the time of writing, but hope to give details next week.

THE Annual Congress WILL TAKE PLACE IN TORONTO, October 11th to 17th (Inclusive).

Full Particulars Next Week.

Staff-Capt. McLean is coming round with the bioscope again. If he comes to your corps you should announce him well. His moving pictures are equal to the best shown, and will give genuine pleasure, as well as instruction. They deserve to be well announced. Make the best use of the bills, and see the papers about the event. It will pay you in every sense.

Capt. Burtch, of London Rescue Host, has just passed creditably her examination as a Maternity Nurse, having received a gold medal from the medical man, as well as the Salvation Army Certificate. She has had two years' experience in this line of Women's Social Work.

The Central Territorial Councils to be held in Toronto will soon be upon us. Are you preparing to come, to come expectantly, and to come after having made all arrangements necessary for the continuation of the work in your absence? Watch next week's Cry for particulars.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."

From an interesting report of the Army's operations in Switzerland, printed in French, we gather that, in this beautiful country of three and a-half million inhabitants, we have 212 corps and outposts, and that during the past year 3,923 persons professed conversion at our penitent forms.

THE GENERAL'S MOTOR TOUR.

On the Monday morning, before leaving South Shields, the General addressed a large concourse of men in the Market Place. At 9.30 the motor party left the town. As they sped through the places en route men turned out of the factories in shirt sleeves, trades people stood still, and the schools shut down.

Seaham Harbor was the first stopping-place. Four addresses of welcome were read at the Empress Theatre and the town wore holiday garb. The chairman, in his introductory remarks, said:

"General Booth has taught the poor man how to spend his time, and the rich man how to spend his money."

The crowds at East and West Hartlepool were enormous. The General was received by the Town Council at the Town Hall, and by them marched to the theatre, as a sort of guard of honor for the General. The meeting was excellent. Fifty thousand people were in the streets cheering the General, and the town was gaily flagged.

After an exhilarating run over the moors Whitley was reached, and an exceedingly warm welcome was given by the people in the crowded streets, and the still more closely crowded Temperance Hall.

At night the General conducted a fine meeting at Scarborough. The population was greatly impressed with the General.

Tuesday and Wednesday the General moved across moorland. When striking agricultural land of Thursday the farm-labourers one and all rushed to the roadside to see the Grand Old Man.

At Bridlington the members of the corporation came in carriages to meet the General, and the Acting-Mayor welcomed our leader and sat by his side until the People's Palace was reached, where a great gathering took place.

At Driffield Workhouse the General stopped to address the inmates, and at the Wesleyan Chapel he spoke to an enthusiastic audience. At York the Exhibition Building was filled to overflowing; it seemed as if all the city turned out to hear the General. The news of the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan reached England that day, and the General cabled President Roosevelt his congratulations.

A day full of soul-stirring speeches included addresses at Selby, Goole and Doncaster. Many groups of school children lined the wayside of the day's tour. A beautiful illuminated address was presented at Selby. Goole was decorated with innumerable banners, flags, and streamers, and the Town Council drove out in flower-decked carriages. The school children met the General on a special lorry.

Gainsborough and Lincoln filled another day's appointments. The factory men in the first place marched at noon to the house where the General was staying, headed by their prize band. Lincoln saw a huge gathering at the Corn Exchange.

Grimbsy people received the General most enthusiastically on Saturday, and the General conducted two crowded and blessed meetings here on Sunday. Eighty-nine souls surrendered to God.

Upon reaching London the General will enter the metropolis by way of the East End and deliver an address at the historic Mill End Waste, where he stood forty years ago alone.

The route of progress will then lie through the central part of London, past the Mansion House, Holborn, Oxford Street, through Hyde Park, to the Albert Hall, where a huge demonstration will mark the conclusion of General's second great Motor Tour.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold upright; for the end of that man is peace."

The Fall

North-W.

COMMISSIONER AND

LIEUT.-COLONEL

THE CORNER-S

PREMIER OF

"Wait until you get to be reiterated so often that ions were floating through new Chief Secretary when in to the C.P.R. depot on visions of mammoth building and abnormal development, things, worthy of the great first vision, however, was on more attractive than any other a host of blood-and-fire war-vision Army. They were outside the depot to receive Commissioner and Mrs. Kyle (the new C. S.), and Pugmire, who stepped into "institution"—the war cl made the recipients of a round Ian" welcome.

The march up Main Street scene of twentieth century life. Crowds lined the sides of Winnipeg is certainly a revolution; it had a population of 215,000 in 1902 it reached 48,811, and showed 85,000. It may well be coming Chicago of Canada, centre of the great North, is 133 feet wide, asphalted walks and buildings, peculiar design, towering upward twelve or thirteen storeys, up-to-date in every way, built not merely for to-day. The general feeling is that nipeg is only a foundation. The people love the Army, sioner is well known. Two visited the place, when it of its present dimensions.

With music, singing, and the procession proceeded Square, where several the congregated. From the chion spoke a few words of a hearty welcome, of concern of the people, and desire for the Holy Spirit. The great dispersed after singing a song uncovered and bowed head.

Sunday Morn

The first meeting was held Headquarters Hall, half a block It contained what was do



Win

The Fall Councils Begin.

North-West Officers at Winnipeg.

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS, WITH THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE, ENTHUSIASTICALLY WELCOMED — THE CORNER-STONE OF GRACE HOSPITAL LAID BY THE PREMIER OF MANITOBA—FOUR DAYS OF HEAVENLY INFLUENCE.

By the Chief Secretary, Colonel Kyle.

"Wait until you get to Winnipeg," has been reiterated so often that all kinds of visions were floating through the mind of the new Chief Secretary when the train pulled in to the C.P.R. depot on Saturday night—visions of mammoth buildings, of wide streets, and abnormal development, both of man and things, worthy of the great Northwest. The first vision, however, was one that has become more attractive than any other—the sight of a host of blood-and-fire warriors of the Salvation Army. They were drawn up in line outside the depot to receive the visitors, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, Colonel Kyle (the new C. S.), and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, who stepped into the time-honored "institution"—the war chariot—and were made the recipients of a rousing "Winnipegian" welcome.

The march up Main Street was through a scene of twentieth century hustle and western life. Crowds lined the sidewalks everywhere. Winnipeg is certainly a revelation. In 1870 it had a population of 215; in 1874, 1,968; in 1902 it reached 48,811, and the last census showed 85,000. It may well lay claim to the coming Chicago of Canada—the distributing centre of the great Northwest. Main Street is 133 feet wide, asphalted, with fine sidewalks and buildings, peculiarly American in design, towering upward for as many as twelve or thirteen storeys. Immense stores, up-to-date in every way, line the sidewalks, built not merely for to-day, but for the future. The general feeling is that the present Winnipeg is only a foundation of future greatness. The people love the Army, and the Commissioner is well known. Twenty years ago he visited the place when it had little promise of its present dimensions.

With music, singing, and many hallelujahs, the procession proceeded to the City Hall Square, where several thousands of people congregated. From the chariot the Commissioner spoke a few words of thanks for such a hearty welcome, of concern for the salvation of the people, and desire for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The great gathering dispersed after singing a song of praise with uncovered and bowed heads.

Sunday Morning.

The first meeting was held in the Provincial Headquarters Hall, half a block from Main St. It contained what was declared to be the

largest morning audience yet seen in the building—nearly all men. Men predominate anywhere in the Northwest. The heartiness of the reception was delightful, and an index to the kind of feelings existing in the people's hearts towards the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, while the presence of the Chief Secretary and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was highly appreciated, if the applause that greeted them was any criterion.

The tone of the meeting set the pace for the succeeding gatherings. God came very near. From the very first song and Mrs. Coombs' opening prayer, the mighty influences of the Holy Spirit were intensely realized.

The "sword of the Lord and the Commissioner" did great execution, and resulted in a number seeking salvation from all sin. It was a glorious beginning.

THE DOMINION THEATRE.

Sunday Afternoon.

The afternoon meeting was held in the Dominion Theatre, a new and capacious structure in the centre of the city. The old theatre which the Commissioner occupied nearly twenty years ago for Army meetings, has been very useful in the past, but the Dominion is better. A modern theatre with one wide gallery and every convenience and comfort—an attraction itself. There were many leading people present, the Premier of Manitoba, the Hon. Mr. Roblin, occupying one of the boxes.

The same hallowed feeling that had made the morning meeting conspicuous seemed to pervade the very atmosphere. Salvation was the theme. The disposition, if any existed, to take advantage of the occasion to talk on the Army work was stifled. Salvation, simple, lucid, clean-cut, was the object, and God honored the meeting with His real presence. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire sang, "Keep your heart a-singing all the time." The Chief Secretary spoke on legal and circumstantial salvation, or false hope, that Jesus alone can save, and related the story of a man saved a few days before who had been twenty years a backslider.

The Commissioner's talk and Bible reading were excellent, full of facts and apt illustrations, which carried conviction and kept

everyone closely interested until long after four o'clock. The prayer meeting was not without definite results, although not equal to the rush of souls that such a glorious meeting warranted and ought to have yielded. Still the blessing poured out had its effect upon saints and soldiers. The spiritual thermometer showed a rapidly rising tendency.

The Dominion at Night Packed Out.

The "theatricals" would probably describe the audience that assembled at night as a brilliant assemblage—"a paying house." The theatre was packed with as mixed a mass as ever a cosmopolitan Salvationist could wish to behold. The Premier of Manitoba and Mrs. Roblin occupied a box and many other leading people could be detected in the audience. On the other hand, many nationalities were represented. Winnipeg is the objective point to which emigrants from most of the countries of Europe make their way. Russians, Germans, Galicians, Scandinavians, meet together and become merged in the great population that is filling up the great Northwest. They present a peculiar appearance in their vari-colored and vari-cut costumes. Thus the Doukhobors—161 of them—with typical Russian garments, just as they had left the wilds of their Siberian homes, arrived while we were in the city.

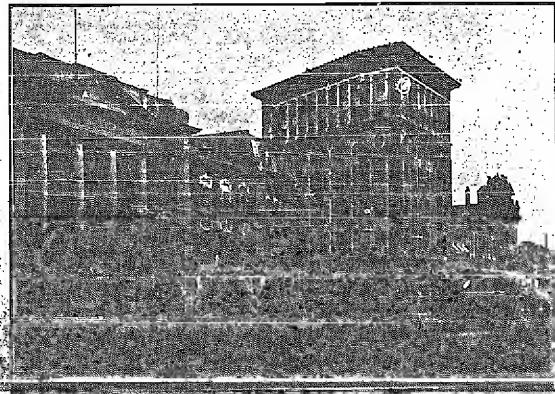
But to return to the meeting. There were many present who perhaps could not speak or understand one word of English, who sat with gaze fixed upon the speakers, apparently intent listeners. The Holy Spirit could interpret, no doubt, the message of God to them. The meeting was excellent. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's songs were greatly relished. The new Chief Secretary, Colonel Kyle, spoke on instantaneous conversion and the realizations of a lost soul. The Commissioner was used by God, unquestionably, and the eyes of the great crowd were riveted upon him while he depicted sin's consequences and awfulness. What happened? What must happen sooner or later where the truth of the Gospel is faithfully and tearlessly proclaimed? Men and women yielded themselves to God, sobbing bitter tears of repentance around the orchestral rail, beneath the footlights of the stage. What a scene! Can anyone imagine a Sabbath evening in heaven, with the angels looking on at the ten thousand similar scenes being enacted in different parts of this poor, fallen earth? One poor fellow said to the Commissioner at the penitent form, "It was when you told about breaking a mother's heart, that broke me down." There were many good cases of conversion, young men who in days to come ought to make officers. The crowds remained until the close of a glorious prayer meeting, loathe to leave—for God was there.

The first Sunday's meetings of the council's campaign were peculiarly filled with the presence and power of God—a token of what is to follow at Toronto, St. John, N.B., and Newfoundland. May the tide of blessing rise higher and higher.

(Continued on page 12.)



Winnipeg, Looking West.



Merchants' Bank, Winnipeg.

FRIENDS OF THE FIGHTERS

Newfoundland.

Welcome for New and Old—Visited After Eleven Months—Lively Times—Increase in War Cry Sales.

A VISIT TO THE S. A. SCHOOLS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Brigadier Glover had only been in the city of St. John's four days when he started on a trip to the outposts, in company with Brigadier Smeeton and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris.

On Wednesday, August 30, it was an extremely interesting sight to see the scholars of the Carbonear day school examined by their former Provincial Officer, Brigadier Smeeton. There is something very charming in having before you a room full of scholars who have not only a good knowledge of letters and figures in the ordinary sense, but also are well versed in the S. A. Directory. The questions asked were cleverly answered, and we are correct in saying that a splendid impression was made upon Brigadier Glover by the hour or so spent at Carbonear school. Being introduced by Brigadier Smeeton, Brigadier Glover addressed the children, as also did Staff-Capt. Morris. The announcement of a holiday in honor of the arrival of the S. A. celebrities was received by the children with gladness.

The meeting at night was enthusiastic. The crowd was not so large as crowds generally are at Carbonear when specials are there, feeling that most of the men are away, yet a comfortable audience gathered at the barracks. But we had a real soul-stirring time. Brigadier Smeeton was in his element, and Brigadier Glover was eloquent, while Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris assisted musically and otherwise.

Across the Barracks.

The next morning it was pouring with rain; but weather and wind do not stop the progress of Salvation Army officers on the Sea-Girt Isle. We climbed into a conveyance and, with the aid of a "sou'-wester" a piece, were soon on a twenty-six mile ride across the "Barrens." This trip was uneventful. The scenery did not appeal to us, as the rain came down in torrents and somewhat obscured our vision.

We had the pleasure of passing through Heart's Content, where the transatlantic cable breaks its journey. Here in this pretty little town we had the very latest information from London or New York. The manager of this great enterprise kindly explained the different receivers and transmitters.

Sicily Cove.

Proceeding on our journey we arrived at Sicily Cove, to be greeted right heartily by Capt. and Mrs. Trask, who had a sumptuous repast ready. The day school was examined in the afternoon, and great praise is due to Lt. Col. Hubley for the splendid condition of the same. Two pleasant hours having passed we mounted our war chariot again, and towards evening arrived at Hant's Harbor, where Capt. Fooths graciously received us into her snug little home. The rain still descended (much to our mortification) and the large barracks would seem far too large for such a night. A few tunes from Staff-Capt. Morris' cornet gave warning that the meeting was about to commence. At a few minutes past eight the building was full, with an eager expectant crowd. The meeting was excellent.

The following morning, at an early hour, we proceeded through rain and wind back to Carbonear, and thence to P. E. I., where the Provincial Officer and the Chancellor now struggle through a multiplicity of matters which claim their attention—Pry.

BRIGADIER SMEETON AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The three city corps were united at St. John's II. on Sunday morning, Sept. 2nd. Brigadier Smeeton, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris and Adj't. and Mrs. Williams, conducted the meeting. The open-air in front of the Crostle Hotel was extremely good; a large crowd listened to music, song, and testimony. The generously-disposed citizens gave a little over five dollars in the offering. The inside meeting was crowded, and one of the most blessed and happiest holiness meetings it has been the writer's privilege to attend for some time was conducted. Brigadier Smeeton, with a good knowledge of Newfoundland songs, led us into a lively testimony meeting, and generally piloted the meeting through. Mrs. Dawson, who opened his in Newfoundland some twenty-two years ago, spoke in such a manner as to lead us to believe that she had not lost the old-time spirit. Staff-Capt. Morris read the lesson; Mrs. Morris sang a solo, and others took a prominent part. In

response to Brigadier Smeeton's appeal, three consecrated themselves as officers of the S. A., while four others claimed the blessing of a clean heart.

The afternoon meeting was also in charge of Brigadier Smeeton, and although of short duration, was a very helpful season.

At night Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris conducted the service, the building was crowded, two souls came to the cross, and a real lively wind-up took place.

UNITED SOLDIERS' MEETING AT ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

Brigadier Glover had only been in the city a short time when he arranged for a united soldiers' meeting in the Springfield St. school-room, Wednesday, Sept. 6th. At half-past seven the soldiers began to rally and by eight o'clock the building was full. It was a very helpful gathering. The Brigadier is quite at home amongst the blood-and-fire Salvationists, and as a prelude testimonies were called for, when with a readiness pleasing to behold the soldiers of St. John's I., II. and III. corps gave glowing accounts of the Lord's dealings with them, and expressed their desire of pushing forward the war faster than ever.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Morris soloed, and then Mrs. Glover, in a very pleasing and helpful manner gave a heart-to-heart talk to the St. John's soldiers. The Chancellor assisted generally. Brigadier Glover spoke from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, basing his remarks on the words that we may not "receive the grace of God in vain." The Brigadier's address would make very good reading for the War Cry if we had the opportunity of publishing it; it will no doubt suffice to say that his words were very helpful to all present.

The most pleasing thing to record is that the Brigadier has promised to do a series of soldiers' councils in the city of St. John's during the coming winter, to which we are all looking eagerly forward.

Carbonear, Nfld.—We are glad to say God is still with us. Since coming here we have had the joy of seeing a number of souls come to God. Last night we were honored by a visit from our new leaders, Brigadier Glover and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris, whom we not only welcome to our corps, but also to our island. Brigadier Smeeton, whom we are always delighted to see, also made one of the party. The Brigadier will always find a hearty welcome among the officers of Newfoundland, who can look back to many battles fought and victories gained under his faithful leadership.—L. Palmer, Capt.

Sail Cove, F.B.—For the past eleven months circumstances have been so that we have not had a visit from a District Officer, but on Sunday last we were favored with a visit from Adj't. Sparks, who is our present D. O. His visit proved a blessing to us all. Sunday was a good day—the crowds were good, collections beat all past records, three souls professed conversion at night. The Adjutant gave us two other meetings apart from Sunday before leaving, which were good, lively times. We are to have victory through our leader, King Jesus.—Cand. Loveless, for L. Blackmore.

Garnish, Nfld.—It was announced on Sunday, Aug. 27th, that Adj't. Sparks, our worthy D. O. from Grand Bank, would be visiting our corps on Monday, but the weather being so unfavorable, prevented him reaching here until Wednesday. Our anticipations were high for a good time, and we were not disappointed. The Adjutant is a thorough Salvationist and his presence always brings sunshine. A very interesting meeting was held at the barracks, where a nice crowd had gathered. The Adjutant's address on Elijah's discouragement proved a great blessing. This summer we have also increased our War Cry sales.—L. O. R. A.

East Ontario and Quebec.

Three Montreal Corps Report Progress—Montreal Has New Brass Band—Revival at Montreal IV.

Two Cadets Farewell for the College.

Montreal I.—Candidates' Sunday was a day of special blessing to this corps, lively open-air meetings and good services inside the barracks. Ensign Gillam made a stirring appeal to all soldiers who had realized a call to active service to consecrate themselves, body and soul, to the Lord's service. At the close of the meeting four souls found peace. On the following Sunday evening the Ensign spoke to a large audience who thoroughly enjoyed the music and testimonies. His efforts to encourage congregational singing enlivened the service, and his earnest words went home to the hearts of many present. Four souls came out and found liberty from the bondage of sin through faith in a risen Savior. On the Thursday of the next week the two Cadets who were leaving for the Training College, Silas Armstrong and Nicholson, were given a farewell. Very affecting were the earnest words of these young girls, in which the emotions aroused by the scenes of home ties were mingled with their intense desire to win souls for the Master. Brigadier Turner's charge to the departing Cadets was most touching and to cheer them Ensign Gillam sang a fervent song. On Sunday last, despite the strenuous perplexities of the preceding week in the north end of the city, there was a large attendance in the open-air and inside meetings. Staff-Capt. Morris was present during the evening service, bearing news of the recent difficulties at St. Louis, and spoke a few words of cheer and hopefulness. Comrade A. Walsh, who was also injured, was unable to be present, being still confined to his room. The testimonies were encouraging, and the audience filled with deep interest to the Ensign's address. One girl laid down his burden of sin and took up the cross, while a dear sister asked permission to relate her experience. On a previous Sunday she had dedicated herself to God, and was still fighting the good fight. Thus are the labors of Ensign and Miss Morris crowned with rejoicing in the Lord, while leaders and soldiers are uniting to uplift the banner of salvation and draw many of the children of earth to the one sure refuge and glory God.—Silverpe.

Montreal II.—We had another good week-end here at Point St. Charles. Mrs. Brigadier Turner is with us for the Sunday, and the plain truths which we heard in the holliness meeting were good. In the afternoon we had the dedication of P. B. Webber's child, and we pray that Ceil may grow up to be a winner of souls. At night the memorial service of Sergt.-Major Bullock's wife took place. The hall was packed to excess. Addresses were given by Treasurer Drole, Sister Chas. Goodall, and Bro. Wilcox, a Christian who promised to fill the gap which our late comrade had left. The Sergeant-Major then spoke, and we pray the words will help someone to decide for God. Mrs. Turner added her lesson to the occasion and several appeals were made to the shiner. We are still holding on and shall win.—Bandman Ed. Towns.

Montreal IV.—It is upon everybody's lips and everybody expects something doing. A new meeting was announced by the Ensign and we felt the night was so warm we were not sure if the crowd would come, but true to the minute we started with a full hall, and it was soon evident that the hall would be all taken up. In true revival style the first song was given out, and in a few minutes we were in the throes of the best meeting yet held during our charge here. Ensign Sheard asked six young converts to speak, and although their words were few, they bore weight. One coming from the back of the hall, cried as his heart would break, but she got soundly converted. In our next report we shall be able to tell of H. F. victory. Bless God. We are celebrating on Sunday and Monday.—Lieut. J. Davis, for Ensign Sheard.

New Band Out.

Bellefontaine.—Strains of brass band music were heard in certain parts of the city yesterday morning as people tore for the front gate, to find out what was all about. The new Salvation Army band was making a march out, playing sacred marching music in a by no means discreditable way. The streets were rather muddy, the band kept to the sidewalks, but the desperate courage of the bandsmen was proven when they boldly walked over debris on Belleville sidewalks, blowing lustily all the time. The band paraded several of the principal streets and, for a new organization, made a favorable impression on those who heard them. The Salvation Army band was only organized a short time ago and has made excellent progress under the leadership of Bandmaster Adams, an Englishman who is said to be a musician of no mean ability. There are about a dozen members in the band. Some of the instruments were obtained second-



Bandmaster Rod...

through the leader of Peterboro, which placed fourth pieces. The men are quite enthusiastic, becoming quite proficient.—Local Newspaper.

Souls a...

Cornwall.—God's Word being saved, bandsmen to Stanley Island was long, strong, and altitude came our way. We had of Toronto, and while night, when an enjoyable backsliders came to get the fire up. We and Sunday all day whose singing and both inside and out, for sanctification. Victory over H. F. Target in the fall are very victory; others deeply the glory.—A. Sidney

From the

Forging Ahead at changes Hands—N.

Nova St., Winnipeg, at it fighting for God, which we praise God, had Staff-Capt. Tay, Weir. Good meeting. But best of all souls are standing true. Watch for organiza... H. C. C.

Medicine Hat.—Sh... came to the front the Capt. Parker, Lieut. Jay. One brother afternoon meeting, and candy bushes, ears on the trains which has passed into other its Harvest Festival without much time.

Neepawa, Man.—Sh... joy of uniting three that came out along well. One of through and expects the Lamb forever! few weeks to make the people. But God's hand of several, and revival here before the faith is high for the at Winnipeg by Com... Plester. Are going to have n...

Bramford.—A great meeting led in the launching band, commencing open-air, and indoor cream social, all free open-air meetings and commands to give God all the good.—O. J. for S...



Kispex Canyon, Skeena River.

From Colonel Sharp's Domain.

Woodstock Well Suited—Salvation Mucilage at North Sydney—Now, for the T. H.—Rescue Staff at New Aberdeen—Whitney Gets a Lift Up—Ridgewood Prosperous and Cheerful.

Woodstock, N.B.—Since you last heard from us we have again had a change of officers, and this time Ensign Miller and Capt. Snow have taken command of the forces here. Do we like them? Well, of course we do. Who could help but like them, for they are all right in every way. I wish you could be present in a holiness meeting to hear the Ensign on holiness. If she can't lay the law down, nobody can. I tell you, she can make it quite interesting for you if you are not in your soul what God wants and expects of you. Capt. Snow is just like her—she loves her God untried. They are just the kind of officers we want here. There is lots of sin here to fight. The devil is strong, but through prayer and believing we will down him sure. I must not forget to mention the beautiful meeting we had on Sunday last. Sergt.-Major Logan and Secretary Lyons, of the Fredericton corps, drove up and made us a beautiful visit last Saturday and Sunday. I tell you we enjoyed their visit very much. They are soldiers who have stood true to God and the Army since the Army came to Fredericton, and to listen to them telling what God had done for them in all those years was beautiful. God bless you, boys, and thank you for your visits. Come again when you can. Little Billy popped up the other day, and I think he has made up his mind to locate here for the winter. Little Billy is all right. Our band is coming along fine under the leadership of Prof. Ed Smith (our colored brother). Ed is a good musician, and will bring us around tip top. Good night, that's enough—Julius.

North Sydney.—Special meeting Monday night, led by Staff-Capt. Holman, of the Rescue Staff, and Capt. Perry, the sweet singer of the city of Halifax, assisted by Capt. Jaynes, with the soldiers of New Aberdeen, together with their bright, breezy brass band of fifty pieces, more or less. Capt. Jaynes led the testimony meeting in the open-air at seven o'clock. Altogether it was a grand time. Well may the Aberdeen corps be proud of their magnificent band. Comrades far and near, do not be one whit surprised when you hear that our North Sydney corps owns not only a brass band, but a citadel of its own to worship God in. Ensign, Lieutenant, and every comrade have a tremendous lot of stick-at-itiveness about them, and all are praying and believing that a tremendous high tide, both of faith and works, takes place in our corps in the near future. Hallelujah. Praise God for the grand victories in the fall are very interesting. One soul claimed victory; others deeply moved. To God we give all the glory.—A. Slader Duncan, Capt.

Bandmaster Redburn, Smith's Falls, Ont.

through the leaders of the Salvation Army band in Peterboro, which place has an S. A. band of about forty pieces. The members of the local organization are quite enthusiastic, and give promise of, in time, becoming quite proficient and a credit to their leader.—Local Newspaper.

Souls and Enthusiasm.

Cornwall.—God's victories are ours, sinners are being saved; judgments being made. The excursion to St. Lawrence Island was a boisterous success; we had a long, strong, and altogether pull, and the things came out well. We had the Rev. E. Hollis, late of Toronto, and his new bride with us on Sunday night, when an enjoyable time was experienced. Six buckskins came to God since last report. Soldiers getting fired up. We had with us Saturday night and Sunday all day Capts. Patterson and Webber, whose singing and music attracted large crowds, both inside and out. Finances best yet. Two souls for sanctification Wednesday. Everybody enthusiastic over H. F. Target sure to be hit. Our meetings in the fall are very interesting. One soul claimed victory; others deeply moved. To God we give all the glory.—A. Slader Duncan, Capt.

From the North-West.

Forging Ahead at Winnipeg—Medicine Hat Exchanges Hands—Neepawa Winning Souls One by One.

Nena St., Winnipeg.—Glory to God! We are still at it fighting for God, and victory is on our side, for which we praise God. Since last report we have had Staff-Capt. Taylor, Adj't. Alward, and Captain Weller. Good meetings. Finances and crowds good. But best of all souls are being saved and converts are standing true. Nena St. is forging ahead. Watch for organizing report. Big times expected.—H. C. C.

Medicine Hat.—Since last report we have welcomed to the front the sweet singer from Moose Jaw, Capt. Parker. Lieut. Perry said farewell last Sunday. One brother said farewell from sin in the afternoon meeting. Dad Evans has sold his fruit and candy business, so the store that greets travelers on the train is in Army-colored windows has passed into other hands. This corps will break its Harvest Festival target—Yours from the front without much time to write, Mayflower.

Neepawa, Man.—Since last report we have had the joy of pointing three souls to the feet of Jesus. The two that came out about a week ago are getting along well. One of them says she is going right through and expects to be a soldier. Hallelujah to the Lamb forever! We have had a hard fight for a few weeks to make any impression on the hearts of the people. But God's convicting Spirit has taken hold of several, and I believe there shall be a mighty revival here before long. God answer prayer. Our faith is high for the officers' councils to be conducted at Winnipeg by Commissioner Coombs. I believe we are going to have a real blessed time.—Lieut. J. W. Plester.

Brantford.—A great week-end of power and blessing. Meetings led by Bandmaster Koch and bandmen in the launching of a scheme on behalf of the band, commencing on Saturday night with a big open-air, and inside a carnival of music and ice cream soefi, all free. Crowded house. Sunday five open-air meetings held. Inside meetings well attended, and comrades revelled in the fight; finished with two precious souls in the fountain, for which we give God all the glory. Praise His name. Finishes good.—O. J. for Staff-Capt. DugBrisay, N. A. S.

Whitney Pier.—We have had, and are having, good times since last heard from. God has wonderfully blessed and helped us, and to Him we give all the glory. Ensign and Mrs. Trickey and Sydney soldiers gave us a special meeting, which was enjoyed by everyone, both open-air and inside meetings, and we give the Sydney officers and soldiers a hearty invitation to come again. Also last Saturday night we had Capt. M. Jane and the New Aberdeen brass band, who appeared in their new uniform, and the march about the town attracted the crowds. The band boys rendered nice music and gave us a good program, which was a blessing and help, spiritually and financially. We are glad to report backsliders returned. May God bless the band boys. We are going in to do our best for God and souls, believing for victory in the future. There are bright hopes of getting out H. F. target. God has never failed in the past, and we shall prove Him once again.—A True Soldier.

With Miners and Section Men.

Adj't. Blackburn's Trip Over the White Pass into the Arctic Country—Meetings with Section Men in Bunkhouses—Entertained by the Bishop—Meetings Outdoors and In with the Miners—Making it "Pan out."

Adj't. Blackburn made a splendid hit recently when he arranged a trip to visit the section houses of the White Pass and Yukon R. R., and hold meetings with the men.

He was well received, had some blessed meetings, and received financial help from the men.

At the summit, where the International line is marked by the two custom houses of the U. S. A. and Canadian Governments, the custom officer and his wife took part in the meeting.

In one place the meeting was interrupted by a train coming in, and before the train had left most of the men had gone to their bunks, thinking all was over. The Adj't. however, did not think he should let the devil have the victory, so he went into the hunkhouse and there continued the meeting. He writes:

"I don't think any of the men were sleeping while the meeting was in progress."



Sergt. Mrs. Betts and a Soldier of Douglas Native Corps.

Neither does anyone else think so who once had the opportunity to learn the power of endurance and resonance which the Adj't.'s voice possesses.

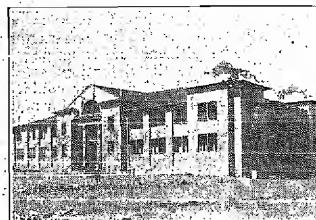
Adj't. Blackburn also partook of the hospitality of Bishop Bompas, who has labored faithfully and successfully for about forty years among the Indians of the Yukon Territory. He is now over 70 years of age.

After leaving the section men the Adj't. went into Alihn among the gold diggers. He visited Pine Spruce, and Boulder Creek, where most of the men were glad to see and hear "a small piece of the Salvation Army." The miners gave him a pan and let him wash out some "dirt" for himself, after showing him how to do it. He did not strike it very rich, hence he was not burdened with a heavy "pan." It gave him the chance, however, to get in some good talk about something even better than gold.

At Discovery he held three meetings in the street and one in the little church, when about forty men and one woman were present. This is a big crowd in that place, where they work Sundays, as well as week-days. God especially blessed the meetings there. The people were much impressed.

Since returning from the interior to the coast, the Adj't. has also visited Skagway, where the people have been very friendly, but where all soldiers, but one, have left for other places, and is returning to Port Simpson, to again take up the native work, as the Indians have now returned from the fishing, and the once deserted town is again busy with life.

Ridgewood.—Your humble servant had the privilege of attending week-end meetings at Ridgewood. Good meetings and attendance. Two souls Sunday night. Comrades received H. F. cards and targets cheering. Post Home will win by God's blessing, and Ridgewood corps will not be behind.—Yours and His, L. Everton McCor.



Industrial Building, Dominion Exhibition, New Westminster, B.C.

THE WAR CRY.

The Fall Councils Begin.

(Continued from page 9.)

WEDDING BELLS AT WINNIPEG.

The Citadel Monday Night—A War March
—The Commissioner Leads a Testimony
Meeting.

The Citadel Hall was full on Monday night. A war march preceded the meeting, the visitors being conducted through the city in a war chariot. The streets, however, presented a desolate appearance as compared with Saturday night, their great width causing a small number of pedestrians to appear at a greater "discount." The Salvationists were on fire, crowd or no crowd, and the lofty buildings re-echoed with their joyous songs and cries.

The band was out in full force, and played well.

The Chief Secretary, who again received a cheery welcome, lined out the first song, an old one, "Jesus, the name," and they sang it again and again. The Salvationists would have sang anything, for they were spirit-inspired—filled with the inspiration of God. How great the difference between songs sung with and without this invaluable gift. Perhaps the people came to listen to more of the same kind of red-hot and eloquent talk that had been poured upon them on Sunday. If so, they were disappointed, for the Commissioner, with commendable genius, just changed his tactics—he led a testimony meeting. All over the building men and women rose to tell of God's wonderful dealings with them. The meeting was kept very much alive by the leader and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's songs, sung as duets. "Keep your heart singing all the while," and the Joy song, which the people wanted over and over again. The Chief Secretary had incidentally mentioned that he had promised to contribute some articles for the Australian publications, on Canada, and he wanted to hear them sing that he might have something to tell "the other colonial and prominent partner in the British Empire." My, how they sang! until the Commissioner remarked again and again, "We'll give our friend something to write about." The Winnipegians are glorious singers!

Now came the nuptial ceremony, the uniting of two good Salvationists, Ensign Mercer and Adjutant Hayes, beneath the Army flag. The Chief Secretary read the 23rd Psalm, and the Commissioner performed the ceremony. In the most lucid manner he read the Articles of Marriage and begged the contracting parties to speak loudly and clearly, that all present might be witnesses. There was no levity or trifling, the ceremony was recognized and conducted as a solemn covenant between two consecrated souls, and many were moved to tears when the Commissioner fell upon his knees with the bride and bridegroom and prayed that the bond might be sealed on earth and ratified in heaven. It was a decorous and complete service.

Mrs. Ensign Mercer, the bride, testified: "I am glad I am a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I hope that my life in the future will be more than ever God's."

Ensign Mercer said that he was united to Jesus sixteen years ago. "Now," said he, to the amusement of the crowd, "I am united—hesitation—to my wife. Life, to me, outside of Jesus, would be a miserable failure. I dedicate to God afresh every power of my being, and I urge that you will, by any means, become acquainted with God."

The prayer meeting that followed was fruitful, for a number came to the front to give themselves fully up to God. Some decided to enter the Army as officers—a delightful and wise decision. The peculiar power that has all through these initial meetings of the Territorial Councils rested upon the meetings was very powerfully felt in this last purely public indoor gathering. It filled us all with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF GRACE HOSPITAL

Laid by the Hon. the Premier of Manitoba,
The Commissioner Presiding.

On Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 13th, the foundation-stone of Grace Hospital was laid. The Rescue and Maternity work of the Army in Winnipeg has outgrown the present accommodation, and, in fact, any other building that could be leased would be insufficient, hence the necessity to erect a suitable structure for the purpose. The site originally purchased proved to be unsuitable as the city developed, therefore the Commissioner sold it and chose the present one—a most wise arrangement. It is situated close to Portage Avenue, in near proximity to St. James Park. A lovely view can be obtained of the surrounding country. The building operations are in progress. The plans provide for a three storey structure, with a fine, light, airy basement. It is to be constructed of brick. The outside elevation will be red brick with white stone facings. For a full description of the interior and a picture of the front elevation, War Cry readers must wait until some time in the New Year—at its opening.

The stone-laying was announced to take place at 4:30 in the afternoon. Special cars were chartered to convey the officers and soldiers from the Citadel to the site. The Premier and the Attorney-General of Manitoba, with the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, the Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Burditt, with a number of ladies and gentlemen, including the medical staff, the architect, and the contractor, were already on the platform, when the brass band and procession marched on to the grounds.

The ceremony began with the time-honored song, "Jesus, the name high over all." Colonel Kyle, the Chief Secretary, read from the Scriptures and referred to the permanence of the Rescue Work elsewhere—that the future of the work in Winnipeg will be equally successful.

The Commissioner gave an address on the progress of the Army, giving some vital statistics, and showing the immense reformatory and relief work being accomplished in different parts of the world. He instanced the remarkable results of the prison visitation in Canada during the present year.

After the appeal had been announced by Brigadier Burditt, the Commissioner deposited in the cavity beneath the corner-stone the usual box of memorials.

THE PREMIER SPEAKS.

Premier Roblin then superintended the laying of the stone, and when it had come to a state of rest, gave it three taps with the silver trowel presented to him by the Commissioner, and said: "I declare the stone well and truly laid." Proceeding to give a short address, he said he appreciated very much the honor done him in permitting him to lay the corner-stone of Grace Hospital. He realized that one of the most important adjuncts of our modern civilization was a well-organized, efficiently-equipped and richly-endowed institution of this kind. He was aware that it was a special hospital for women and children, but he was not sure that its claims were not the stronger on this account. Its doors, he understood, were to be open to women and children of the city; no matter how low they might be sunk in the social scale, or to what degree of depravity they had been disgraced, they would find a welcome which would encourage and stimulate them to retrieve their character and fortune. The citizens of Winnipeg were under obligation to the Salvation Army for this work. The Salvation Army could, with a good deal of justification, appeal for material assistance. Wealthy, philanthropic and generous men recognize that the most satisfactory way in which they can use their surplus wealth is to endow such institutions, and that it is their duty to aid in the prevention as well as the suppression of crime.

In conclusion the Commissioner took occasion to express his gratitude for the very kind help given by the doctors of Winnipeg.

He bore a tribute to the deep interest taken in the building by the architect, Mr. Woodward, and the contractor. Men in high positions had been tender and practical in their sympathies. With a vote of thanks to the Premier and a song of praise the meeting terminated.

THE OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

The officers' councils in Winnipeg were unquestionably full of blessing. Several sessions were devoted to matters of importance concerning the future of the Army in Canada, but the most part were spiritual meetings, and a veritable feast. God came very near. The last meeting was for officers and soldiers—an old-fashioned holiness gathering. It seemed as though this meeting was the result of a special inspiration from God. The Commissioner's address was full of power and direction as to how to enter into and enjoy the blessing of sanctification. Many came to the front and claimed deliverance.

A farewell tea was arranged after the Hospital stone-laying, in the Citadel, a pleasant and spontaneous good-bye, after which the officers accompanied the party to the railway depot. Brigadier Burditt and Staff-Captain Taylor may be congratulated on the result of the councils, which will prove a mighty inspiration to everyone for the fall campaign.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Messages of Dying Officers.

Mrs. Brigadier Gauntlett (Germany): "I have no darkness. I shall make a good finish. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and He has been a real friend to me. All the way through my life it has been faith, faith, faith, but now it is nothing but praise."

Lieut.-Colonel Richard Evans (United States) to his comrades shortly before his promotion: "Be blood-and-fire Salvationists. Stand by the flag and its principles—there is nothing like them in the world."

Brigadier Pickering (Canada): "I am very disappointed that I shall not be able to attend the Congress, but I am going home to my God. I am right and ready. What a good thing that I did not postpone salvation till now. I am crossing Jordan's billon, but His bosom is my pillow."

Major Charles Blundell, of the British Field: "I have no fear; I am ready to live and ready to die. Tell the soldiers to do the one thing needful and live for others. It is this that makes me happy now I am dying."

Brigadier Von Haartmann (Finland): "I am walking wholly by naked faith. Perhaps such times will also come to you; then do not slacken your faith. Even though you see nothing, and feel nothing, you will have the victory."

Major Elmslie, just before he left home for his last tour, in reply to his wife's remark, "My dear, I believe when the trumpet sounds you will still have a letter or two to write," replied, "Oh, never mind, my dear, if the trumpet should sound to-day I am quite ready."

Colonel Barker prayed in his last sleep: "O God, You know we must have souls!"

Capt. Beetman, of Holland: "I am going to my reward across the river. I will wait for you on the other side. Meet me there."

Colonel Weerasooraya (India) thought he was dictating a letter, and signed himself: "Yours for the salvation of India."

Lieut.-Colonel Junker (Germany) speaking at the memorial service of an officer, shortly before his own promotion, stated: "Should death come to me, praise God, I am ready."

"Come and see how a Christian can die" said the dying sage to his pupil. How would it do to say, "Come and see how an infidel dies?" How would it have been for Voltaire to say this, who, in his last panic at the prospect of eternity, offered his physician half his fortune for six weeks more of life?—James Hamilton.



PEACE OFFERING

The General is appealing to the War Cry for a fund of £5,000 for the despatch of the College, the opening of new corps, &c.

SOUTH AFRICAN

The South African Cry in case of conversion at Barkly West, "witch-doctor," who has converted practice for seven years, was a mighty conviction by the South African. At last came boldly out, stammered, and confessed herself henchwoman.

Acting-Commissioner R. W. Taylor paid a visit to the famous Island of St. Vincent, where Napoleon ended his days. Meetings were held, and God recorded.

WEST INDIAN

We have now three corps on the Atlantic Coast, and a mile on the isthmus.

Another advance is the setting up of the Island of St. Vincent.

British Honduras is also at once, with a view to please that little-known part of the proposed extension is in reality appeals from inhabitants of the island. Headquarters in Kingston.

SOUTH AFRICA

A dairy just completed at Social Farm, near Cape Town, is the best equipped in the Cape.

Splendid results are being obtained, and also at our Durban. Amongst the recruits latter place was a deserter. To prove the sincerity of his conversion, he revealed his identity and gave himself up to the police.

A notorious drunkard, who had been six months at the Farm, was tried by the magistrate, and found guilty.

NEW T. H. Q. L.

A new Headquarters for the forces (France, Italy, and Japan) has been opened in Paris.

It is situated at the corner of Augustin, and commands a fine view of the Opera, which is one of the finest in the world. A bold announcement "du Salut" stretches across the building, so that the entire city is confronted with the Army's activity.

At the dedication service, Commissioner Ulysses C. Grant read a voluntary message was read by the Staff and Mrs. Booth.

GERMAN PR.

The great advance of our forces may be gauged by the fact that a letter from Commissioner Chief of the Staff:

"I am able to report that the councils here have exceeded all expectations and the prospects of the meetings have been greater than ever. Good God is! Both in the Fatherland and the dear Germany the great triumphs of his people are to march through the streets."

"The Police President" to march through the streets.

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COUNCILS

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God, I am ready."

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re of life?—James



PEACE OFFERING FOR JAPAN.

The General is appealing in the London War Cry for a fund of £5,000 for a Training College, the despatch of reinforcements and the opening of new corps in Japan.

SOUTH AFRICAN NOTES.

The South African Cry mentions a notable case of conversion at Barkerville. A woman "witch-doctor," who has continued her sinful practice for seven years, was brought under mighty conviction by the Spirit of God, and at last came boldly out, sought forgiveness, and confessed herself henceforth a Christian.

Acting-Commissioner Richards has just paid a visit to the famous Island of St. Helena, where Napoleon ended his days in exile. Good meetings were held, and sixty seekers after God were recorded.

WEST INDIAN ITEMS.

We have now three corps in Panama, two on the Atlantic Coast, and one on the Pacific side of the isthmus.

Another advance is the starting of our work in the Island of St. Vincent a few weeks ago. This is quite a new ground to the Army.

British Honduras is also to be prospected at once, with a view to planting the flag in that little-known part of the new world. This proposed extension is in response to repeated appeals from inhabitants of the colony, which is situated about four hundred miles from the Headquarters in Kingston.

SOUTH AFRICAN FARM.

A dairy just completed at our Rondebosch Social Farm, near Cape Town, is considered the best-equipped in the Cape Peninsula.

Splendid results are being achieved at this institution, and also at our Social Farm near Durban. Amongst the recent converts at the latter place was a deserter from the military. To prove the sincerity of his conversion, this man revealed his identity the following day, and gave himself up to the authorities.

A notorious drunkard, who was sentenced to six months at the Farm by the Pietermaritzburg magistrate, has been converted.

NEW T. H. Q. IN PARIS.

A new Headquarters for the United Territory (France, Italy and Belgium), has just been opened in Paris.

It is situated at the corner of Rue St. Augustin, and commands a view of Avenue de l'Opera, which is one of the finest streets in the city. A bold announcement of "Armee du Salut" stretches across the front of the building, so that the ever-varying crowds of people who constantly throng this part of the city was confronted with another reminder of the Army's activity.

At the dedication service, conducted by Commissioner Ulysses Cosandey, a congratulatory message was read from the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth.

GERMAN PROGRESS.

The great advance of our work in Germany may be gauged by the following extracts of a letter from Commissioner Oliphant to the Chief of the Staff:

"I am able to report that our summer councils here have exceeded our anticipations, and the prospects of the General's winter meetings have been greatly helped. How good God is! Both in the Motherland and the Fatherland the dear General is witnessing the great triumphs of his life."

"The Police 'President' gave us permission to march through the streets of Berlin, and

accompanied our procession of from nine hundred to one thousand officers and soldiers by a brilliant escort of police. . . Lit up by the sunshine, and passing along the streets and broad boulevards, and witnessed by thick walls of interested and generally sympathetic people, it was, apart from international demonstrations, the most brilliant spectacle I have ever witnessed. When we arrived at that huge parade ground we stood before twenty to thirty thousand people. We sang and spoke messages of salvation. . . The most wonderful thing about it all was that there was no opposition—the whole mighty crowd strained its ears to catch the lesson of salvation and hung on our words as for eternity.

"Could we have a greater proof of the statement of the great Socialist leader—that while the people have lost all faith in the dogma of the church, they have not lost any interest in the person of Jesus Christ?"

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

TIS HARD TO SAY GOOD-BYE.

"Tis hard to say good-bye,
For love to her loved ones would cling
That she might never feel the sting
Which all must feel who part.
Love knows it maketh life most sweet,
When souls with one another meet,
And live close—heart to heart—
Tis hard to say good-bye."

"Tis hard to say good-bye,
To lose the form we love so much,
To miss the fond, caressing touch,
The kiss of benediction.
We look beyond for days of yore,
But find they'll come to us no more,
Those days of love's pulsation—
O God, 'tis hard to say good-bye."

"Tis hard to say good-bye—
There was a parting once in heaven,
When God's great heart of love was given,
And He, too, said good-bye;
Good-bye to His beloved Son,
His only, priceless, perfect One,
Who went away to die—
'Twas hard for God to say good-bye."

"Twas hard to say good-bye,
But when Christ's work on earth was done,
The golden bells of heaven were rung,
And God and His did meet
In deathless clasp of love's completion,
Which paid the bill of separation,
And perfected their gladness sweet,
No more they say good-bye."

"Tis hard to say good-bye;
But trusted-hearted friend of mine,
We'll look up where the glories shine,
And fix our eyes on God.
And soon, yes, soon, will come the time
When we shall feel the clasp divine,
And meet in ecstasy of love,
No more to say good-bye."

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave,
where is thy victory?"

New Ontario Division.

Notable Visitors at Both Soos—New Liskeard Reinforced.

Sault Ste. Marie.—Two very important meetings have been held lately, both taking the form of welcome meetings. First we welcomed our new Divisional Officer, Brigadier Collier, who let us have a look at his face for a while on Saturday night, and then went to the American Soo for Sunday, returning in full force on Monday, reinforced by Capt. and Mrs. Wedge and the American comrades. A real enjoyable and profitable meeting was held, for those who know the Brigadier know that the two cannot be separated in his meetings, as he combines life and enjoyment with a deep earnestness for the salvation of souls. The result of the meeting was two souls for pardon. The band boys, and in fact, all the comrades, fell so deeply in love with the Brigadier that nothing could hold them in Canada on Sunday afternoon, so everyone gave Uncle Sam a visit and joined in the open-air rally in the park. We had scarcely got settled again when we were going to the train to meet our new Chief Secretary, Colonel K. C., and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire. They received a real S. A. welcome from the comrades and friends, and were welcomed in a very special manner in behalf of the citizens by Mr. C. N. Smith, who occupied the chair. Who can describe the sight or tell the effect of that meeting? All is not expressed by simply reporting thirty-five souls at the mercy seat for sanctification and salvation. One man came

from a boarding-house across the street after the meeting was closed and got saved. We have been privileged also to have back to the "old corps" that brought him to the fold" Lieut. Glanville for a few days. There is always a welcome to our own representatives in the battlefield.—Kate W. Ritchie, Ensign.

New Liskeard.—We are glad to still report victory. This has been a week of blessing to our souls. Our meetings are well attended, and the people are quite interested in them. On Thursday night we had a sing-song, and the recruits and converts did splendidly. In fact I don't think many of the older corps would do better. Our corps has also been reinforced this week by J. S. S.-M. Crawford, of Barrie. His singing and guitar-playing are quite a help in our meetings. We are also pleased to report three good cases of conversion this week. We are now in for smashing our first H. F. target.—J. McCann, Ensign.

Training Home Province.

Staff-Capt. McLean at Lippincott—Lisgar St. Sends Five to T. H.—Won by Song and Music at New-market—Major Creighton and Lippincott Band Visit St. Kitts—Profitable Week—End at Niagara.

Lippincott St.—For the last nine days Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McLean have been conducting special revival services at this corps. For the first few days the services were still attendance small, and meetings had to be closed without visible results. Then one night two souls knelt at the penitent form, and at the final Sunday night meeting the hall was well filled and four penitents came forward. Altogether eighteen souls were definitely dealt with—some for sanctification, and others for salvation. One woman, who had been a backslider for years, got the victory and came back to God. She announced her intention of settling a quarrel she had with another woman as soon as she had the opportunity, thus giving evidence that her repentance was real. The Staff-Captain had dealt upon the subject of real repentance, showing how different it is to the sentimental sort of emotion that a great many picture it to be. "It means that a man must pay his debts," said the revivalist. Then he told the story of a man who knelt in the Army penitent form one night, and on being asked next day if he meant to settle up with his creditors, said, "Oh, no; old things have passed away now, and everything has become new." Mrs. McLean helped greatly in the meetings with her singing and guitar accompaniment, and Corps-Cadet Rudolph McLean also does a little in that line. He sings, "Will there be any sirs in my crown?" We certainly believe there will be if he follows his father and becomes a Salvation Army revivalist. We could have wished the special meetings had continued another week. The people were just waking up to the fact that something was going on, but we hope the revival spirit will continue to spread in the corps and remain as a constant guest.—S. A. Church, Lieut.

Lisgar St.—We are glad to report victory here at Lisgar St. We had excellent meetings all day on Sunday. The power of God was made manifest in our midst. The night meeting was indeed a very sacred one to the hearts of some of our dear comrades, when fourteen took their stand as soldiers under the blood-and-fire flag of the Salvation Army. They received a loyal welcome into our midst, and we pray that they shall be kept true to God and the principles of the great S. A. Then there were a number of comrades welcomed into our ranks from other corps. Several have just lately arrived from England. Amongst the number are four or five bandsmen. God bless the band. Also five dear comrades bade us farewell for the Training College. Each one declared their intense desire to be true and faithful, and do their utmost to win souls for their Heavenly King. At the close of the meeting we had the joy of seeing four precious souls kneeling at the feet of Jesus.—Nelle Dobby, for Adjt. Newman.

Newmarket.—Things are going ahead splendidly. Excellent day Sunday. One out for the blessing, two held up their hands to be prayed for. Crowds good. Capt. and Mrs. Flynn's music holds the people in the open-air. One young male was attracted to the hall by the singing and music and got truly saved; first time to S. A. penitent form.—S. C.

St. Catharines.—The people of the Garden City were delighted with the visit of the Lippincott band. The barracks on Saturday night and the Opera House twice on Sunday were filled to hear them play. The meetings which were led by Major Creighton, were times of great power and blessing; marches were grand, and great crowds stood around while the bandmen told how Jesus had saved and washed them in His most precious blood. Hallelujah! The night meeting was the crowning scene when two souls left the enemy's ranks and enlisted for Jesus. Praise Him! We were more than pleased to welcome Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Attwells, old-time comrades, and we were delighted to hear Capt. Russell's sweet voice in songs of praise. God bless them every one. Come again. Amen. Our motto is—

"We'll fight the fight for God and right,
We never will give in;
And trusting in the Saviour's might
St. Kitts is sure to win."

—Brother Lighter.

THE WAR CRY.



READY TO MEET HER GOD.

Easser, Ont.—On Aug. 27th, death visited our corps and took from our midst one of our comrades, Sister Mrs. Weston. She was converted in November, 1903, and later enrolled as a soldier, and has since that time been true to the cause of Christ, willing to do anything to help on the work. Death came suddenly; she had been seriously ill only a few days, but when we visited her she gave a clear testimony that she was quite ready to go. Our comrade leaves a husband and two little girls and other friends to mourn their loss.

The officer in charge, Capt. Pettenden, conducted the funeral service. A large crowd of soldiers and friends gathered to pay their last respects. Our sister's life was spoken of, and six of the comrades sang freshly.

"Will anyone there at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?"

A drive of twelve miles brought us to the cemetery, where, after a short service at the grave, we laid the remains of our comrade, believing her spirit had entered through the pearly gates into that country where there is no death.

We shall sleep, but not for ever,

There will be light, down;

We shall meet to part, no, never,
On that resurrection morn. —L. A. P.

THE TREASURER'S BEREAVEMENT.

Exploits.—The pale horse and its rider has visited our harbor, and taken from our midst Mrs. Lacey, mother of one of our comrades. Although she had been bedridden for fifteen years, the summons came unexpectedly. After a time of suffering she seemed to be resting quietly, and when her granddaughter went into the room she found her spirit had taken its flight to the Eternal City. Although not a Salvationist, the funeral was conducted by Mrs. Eusign Bishop, and as we stood around the open grave the call came clearer to God's followers to be faithful, and to the unconverted to prepare for the judgment. Our sympathy is with the Treasurer and his dear wife, and we pray God will uphold them by His everlasting arms.—*Sympathizer.*

MRS. VEINOT'S MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Halifax II.—On Sunday, Aug. 27th, a memorial service was held in No. II barracks in memory of our late comrade, Mrs. Sgt. Rupert Veinot. Sister Veinot was born in Chester, N.S., and was converted in old No. I barracks over twenty years ago. It has been a privilege to enjoy comradeship with her for over seventeen years. She was one of the first to take me by the hand and wish me God-speed on my Christian career. But she did not stop at wishes, but during our intimacy she ever encouraged me on. As I look back on the past, how my heart fills with gratitude to God for sending her across my path. It must not be supposed for one minute that one or two of her comrades only were benefited by her stay among us, for very many, some now in the Gloryland, find in her a true and helpful comrade; and others, too, have reason to call her memory blessed. Sister Veinot's word to every one who approached her was "Never mind, press on, press on," and now she has gone to her reward we still seem to hear her say, "Press on." God grant that we may press on till our feet shall press on the threshold on the eternal shore. She was, through physical suffering, of late years unable to be with us in the open-air or marches, but whenever she could she was always present at the meetings, and Self-Denial and Harvest Festival ever found in her a willing helper.

At the memorial service a large number of old comrades, from Sgt.-Major Mills down, testified to her faithfulness and steadfastness as a Salvation soldier. And she was one who now has heard "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Bro. Veinot has just written me from Lynn, where she received a Salvation Army funeral, that God is upholding his loved ones and himself in their great sorrow.—T. H. Smyth.

PROMOTED AT SEVENTY-ONE.

Harry's Harbor.—Our corps mourns the loss of an aged friend and comrade, William King, aged 71. Father William King had a paralytic stroke some few months past. In all his sickness he was never once known to murmur or complain. On Aug. 12th the chariot lowered and Father King, we believe, was taken to join the blood-washed throng above. Although not a soldier of the corps, the writer conducted the funeral service on Saturday, and on Sunday night we held the memorial service. Much conviction was felt. Father King leaves a wife, six sons, and three daughters to mourn their loss. We commit them to the care of Him who wipes away all tears. Pray for them.—Capt. Hezekiah N. Wiltshire.

GONE TO MEET MOTHER.

Newcastle, N.B.—Again God's chariot has been lowered in our midst, to receive the spirit of the beloved son of Bro. Mather. After a lingering illness of several weeks he has gone to be with Jesus.

He was only fifteen years of age, but left a beautiful testimony behind—"Gone to meet mother" to meet Jesus, never more to be separated from either.

An impressive service was conducted by Capt. McGillivray, assisted by Lieut. Turner and the corps soldiers. We believe that the words of truth went home to many hearts, truly showing that while man proposes God disposes. Tears abundantly flowed as soldiers steadily sang hymns suitable to the occasion. May God bless the bereaved parents. We who are left behind are more determined than ever to fight on to the pearly gates and hear Jesus say to us, "Well done!"—Lieut. Turner.

FROM HALIFAX II. TO HEAVEN.

Death has taken from our side a faithful comrade, Mrs. Dunsing, who for the past thirteen months has shown by her life that she was a true follower of Jesus. Although weak in body, she always tried to do her best, and was ever ready to testify to the saving and keeping power of God. With Paul, she could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Henceforth is laid up for me a crown of glory. We know that she is singing with the angels in that land where there is no death, for she left a testimony behind that all was well between her soul and God.

On Wednesday, 16th ult., our comrade was laid to rest. A service was held at her home, and then we marched to the Army hall, where some of the comrades spoke of her godly life.

On the following Sunday we held her memorial service. God came very near as the comrades spoke of our departed sister's devoted life to God and the Army. Although no visible results were seen, yet we believe that many hearts were touched.

We are in sympathy with the husband who is left to mourn. He feels the loss very keenly, and we are praying that God will sustain him. May God keep us all true and faithful until He calls us home.—A. H. C. M.

FATHER YORK, OF STRATFORD, ONT., CALLED HOME.

He has crossed o'er the sea,
He has reached the bright coast,
He fell like a warrior,
He died at his post.

Once again we are called upon to chronicle the death and promotion to Glory of one of Stratford's oldest and best soldiers in the person of Bro. Charles York, or, as he was better known, "Father" York. To our departed comrade death was a welcome messenger; he had often signed to be freed from his bodily chain. His salvation was real; he enjoyed it, loved to tell others of it, felt it to be the comfort of his life. The open-air was the delight of his soul. He hoped he would be able to speak in the open-air on Sunday, but Saturday, at 3 p.m., the messenger came and mounted with his spirit above. He will surely feel at home in heaven, for he was heavenly while on earth. The greatest desire of his heart was the salvation of souls. He was respected by all for his consistent life, he was a good Salvationist, loved the flag, and respected his leaders. We shall miss him from his post of duty, but such a godly example as he has left is a glorious legacy which we all feel proud of. We mourn our loss, but sorrow not as those who have no hope, for we look forward to the time when all the ship's company meet who sailed with their Saviour beneath, and then with shouting each other we'll greet and triumph o'er trouble and death.

Render, do you wish to die like this? If so, deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Christ, and then, when dying, you will find your latest foe under your feet at last.—Mrs. Adj. Snow.

PUTTING POISON OUT OF REACH.

A box of neuralgic pills used by an older member of the household was left within the reach of a child four or five years of age. She had asked for some of the pills, supposing they were candy, and, of course, had been refused. Under these circumstances one would suppose that the poisonous pills were at once put somewhere out of reaching distance, but this was not done. In the absence of someone to watch her, the little girl soon after climbed up and reached the pills, of which she swallowed five. When the child's mother discovered what her little one had done she started for the drug store from whence the pills were procured, her child tripping merrily along by her side. The druggist informed the startled parent that a fatal dose had been taken, and ere the mother could reach her doctor's office the child was seized with convulsions, which in a few moments terminated life. It is more than careless. It is criminal to leave any poison within the reach of a child. A locked box or cupboard should be the receptacle for all drugs, especially all that are poisonous. Since we do not know when any particular drug or medicine may be wanted, it is advisable to have all such as the house possesses in a place at once safe and handy—safe from the children, readily accessible to the powers that be.

BRANDED ON HIS MEMORY.

There is a corporal in one of the best infantry regiments in the regular army who has one lesson branded on his memory with words of fire—the lesson that no excuse can be framed or uttered by

any soldier for being untidy or unclean.

The colonel was going down the line on a tour of inspection, and noticed a corporal with ~~dirty~~ gloves. He said:

"Corporal, that is setting a bad example to the men, wearing soiled gloves. Why do you do so?"

"I've had no pay for three months, sir; and I can't afford to hire washing done."

Taking from one of his pockets a pair of beautiful white gloves, the colonel handed them to the corporal saying:

"Put on these gloves. I washed them myself."

Our Medical Column.

DISEASES OF THE EYE.—(Continued.)

Granular Lids.

Treatment.—Few affections of the eye are so obstinate and troublesome in treatment as this granular condition of the lids. Numerous plans of treatment have been employed with more or less success, though none of them can be relied upon in all cases. It must be remembered that in the majority of instances the patient's general condition is unsatisfactory; he requires tonic, judicious and generous diet and fresh air. These are just the remedies which the majority of such patients cannot procure, since these individuals are generally poor and are compelled to live in poor sanitary relations.

The local treatment consists in the application of some substance which will destroy the granulations and restore the mucous membrane to a healthy condition. For this purpose several different remedies are used; the most popular is perhaps the "bleeding stone," or sulphate of copper. Every second day the lid is turned upward so as to expose the granular surface; this is then carefully dried and the granulations are touched with the sulphate of copper. Nitrate of silver, the acetate of lead, and other caustics of varying strength have been employed for the same purpose. It is not necessary to enter into details of treatment, since success cannot be attained in unexperienced hands.

In obstinate cases surgeons have sometimes resorted to a bold and somewhat perilous expedient. This consists of setting up a severe inflammation in the eye by introducing into it a drop of matter from a case of purulent inflammation of the eyes in another individual. For this purpose the matter is taken from an infant suffering from purulent inflammation. In a day or two the eye becomes the seat of a violent inflammatory process, which is, of course, carefully watched and controlled by the surgeon. In many instances it is found that when the inflammation subsides the granulations have disappeared.

This method will, of course, be undertaken by a surgeon, and, indeed, it is now not so popular with medical men as was formerly the case. For within the last year experience has shown that granular lids can be, in a great majority of cases, easily and rapidly cured by the application of a substance known as *Jiquilicity*. This remedy is too powerful for harm, as well as for good, to be entrusted to non-professional hands.

Cataract.

This is one of the most frequent and important afflictions of the eyes in aged people, and may also occur in the young.

A cataract consists of an opaque condition of the crystalline lens. It will be remembered that the lens of the eye is, in the natural condition, perfectly transparent; it lies just behind the color ring, called the iris, and fills up the black opening in the ring called the pupil. Yet so long as it remains healthy the lens is quite invisible, and when we look into the eye we see no object whatever filling up the pupil.

When from any cause the lens loses its transparency and clearness and becomes opaque, it can be seen in the opening of the pupil. That is what happens in the disease called cataract, which may be defined, therefore, as an opacity of the crystalline lens.

Causes.—The opacity of the lens may be the result of old age; in advanced life the tissues of the body generally are not so well nourished as in earlier years. Changes occur in numerous organs; the bones become more brittle; the muscles are not so strong; the skin is less abundantly provided with fat; the hair loses its color and often falls out. The opacity of the lens in old age is merely one of the changes which seem to be due to the impairment of the powers of life; this variety is called "senile cataract" because it is an accompaniment of old age.

Cataract may also result from some taint of the system, whereby the nutrition of the body is interfered with. One of the most frequent examples of this is the condition known as diabetes. A patient suffering from diabetes is very apt to become partially blind from the opacity of the lens—that is, cataract.

The lens may also become opaque in consequence of some disease of some of the other tissues of the eye, for when certain of these structures—especially the retina and the choroid—become diseased they result in a disturbance of the nutrition of nearly all parts of the eye. One of these results is the opacity of the lens. Cataract may also be produced by injury to the eye, such as a blow, even though no wound.

Finally, cataract is sometimes congenital—an infant may be born with opaque lenses.

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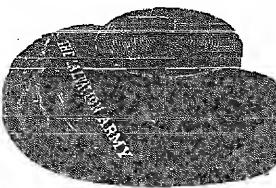
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NEW REGULATION

BONNETS

• FOR SOLDIERS.

ALSO SUMMER HATS.

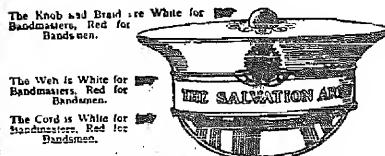


Last week we told you they were here. The onslaught has been so severe that the contents of a dozen large cases are beginning to look slim already. Anticipate your needs—a bonnet or hat will keep—and get what you need for next season. We may have difficulty next spring, as we did this, in getting goods. Better get one of the best quality hats while you're at it.

Split Straw Hat \$1.75 Chip Straw, Silk Trimmed \$2.75
Extra Fine Straw (same as finest bonnet), Silk Trimmed (under brim also) \$4.00

**NEW REGULATION BONNETS \$5.00 and \$7.00
FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS**

A few of each in Extra Dark Silk, 25c. extra.

Bandmasters, Attention!**NEW REGULATION CAP FOR BANDS.**

CLOTH.—Our well-known Fast Color, guaranteed for Wear and Dye.

TRIMMING.—Red Braid on centre of top, Red Welt around side, and Red Chin Cord to match. Red Silk Band and Band Crest.

PEAK.—Lined Green Leather. Improved in

Same Price as Former Make, with Crest, Complete, only \$2.25

Instrument Repairs.

The thorough work we give and moderate prices charged, are proving good testimonials, as we are getting new work right along, and in nearly every case a voluntary testimonial accompanies the cheque.

The following is one of many testimonials we could furnish:

Brigadier Southall,
Toronto.
My Dear Brigadier—

We are delighted with the repairs. Considering the shape the instruments were in when shipped to

Shape, and placed at an angle of about sixty degrees to protect the eyes from the sun, and lessen the tendency to blow off. SIDE LINING.—Sanitary, to absorb perspiration.

THE NEW BANDMASTER'S CAP is trimmed White throughout, except, of course, the Red Salvation Army Silk Band.

This is a striking looking Cap and will improve the appearance of our Bands immensely very distinctive. Bandmasters who contemplate ordering are requested to get the measure of their Bandsmen, and order AT ONCE, so that we may get a shipment large enough to meet demands without delay.

For further particulars write

The Trade Secretary, S. R. Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

Our History Class.**V.—THE ENGLISH.**

Chapter XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

James had married again, Mary Beaufort d'Este, an Italian princess; and, though none of her babies had lived before her, she made a little son who was healthy and like-like, and who was christened James. Poor little boy! Every one was so angry and disappointed that he should have come into the world at that time, for it was put about that he was not the son of the king and queen, but a strange person who had been carried into the queen's room in a wooden box, because James was resolved to prevent Mary and William from reigning.

Only silly people could believe such a story as this; but all the Whigs, and most of the Tories, thought in earnest that it was a sad think for the country to have a young heir in the throne brought up to be a Roman Catholic, and to think it right to treat his subjects as James was treating them. Some would have been patient, and have believed that God would bring it right, but others, who had never

thought much of the rights of kings and duties of subjects, were resolved to put a stop to the evils they expected; and, knowing what was the state of the people's minds, William of Orange set forth from Holland, and landed at Torbay. Crowds of people came to meet him, and to call on him to deliver them. It was only three years since the Bloody Assize, and they had not forgotten it in these parts. King James heard that one person after another had gone to his Prince of Orange, and he thought it not safe for his wife and child to be any longer in England. So, quietly, one night he put them in charge of a French nobleman who had been visiting him, and who took them to the Thames, where, after waiting in the dark under a church wall, he brought them a boat, and they reached a ship which took them safely to France.

King James stayed a little longer. He did not mind when he heard that Prince George of Denmark had gone to the Prince of Orange, but only laughed and said, "Est-il possible?" but when he heard his daughter Anne, to whom he had always been kind, was gone, too, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "God help me, my children are deserting me." He would have put himself at the head of the army,

but he found that if he did so, he was likely to be made prisoner and carried to William. So he disguised himself and set off for France; but at Faversham, some people who took him for a Roman Catholic priest seized him, and he was sent back to London. However, as there was nothing the Prince of Orange wished so little as to keep him in captivity, he was allowed to escape again, and this time he safely reached France, where he was very kindly welcomed, and had the palace of St. Germain given him for a dwelling-place.

It was on the 4th of November, 1688, that William landed, and the change that now took place is commonly called the English Revolution.

We must think of the gentlemen, during these reigns, as going about in very fine laced and ruffled coats, and the most enormous wigs. The Roundheads had short hair and the Cavaliers long; so people were ashamed to have short hair, and wore wigs to hide it. If it would not grow, till everybody came to have shaven heads, and monstrous wigs in great curls on their shoulders; and even little boys' hair was made to look as like a wig as possible. The barber had the wig every morning to freshen it, and make it white with hair powder, so that every one might look like an old man, with a huge quantity of white hair.



(First Insertion.)



4993. SEXTON.
MARY ANNE. Age 33,
5ft. 6in., dark hair, clear
complexion, blue eyes.
By profession, a nurse.

4706. GARDNER, MRS. Information wanted of Mrs. Gardner (nee Miss Robertson), who was formerly an officer in the Salvation Army. Mother's maiden name was Ann Proud.

5057. HODSON, GEORGE. Age 34 years, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair going grey, brown eyes, medium complexion, marked with small-pox, bricklayer by trade.



5059. McCARDELE,
ELIZABETH (nee Cross). Age 22 years,
height 5ft. 10in., fair
hair, blue eyes, and fair
complexion. Left Liverpool
on the S.S. Lake Erie, for Amherst, N.S.

5060. BURTON, WILLIAM. 25 years of age. Left home four years ago. Last known address, Sydney, C.B.

5062. BIRD, ALFRED JOSEPH. Age 35 years, height 5ft. 9in., blue eyes, light brown hair. Has been a silver chaser; has lately been mining. Last known address, Granite City, Colorado, U.S.A.

5066. McNAB, PETER. Son of the late James McNab of the Township of Arthur, Ont. 15 years of age. His mother is very anxious to hear from him. Is supposed to be engaged in lumbering or mining in Manitoba or Algoma. Address, Mrs. James McNab, Mount Forest, Ont., Canada.

5048. CLARK, ARTHUR J. Age 46 years, height 5ft. 10in., dark brown hair, grey eyes. Missing eighteen months.

(Second Insertion.)

5053. FERGUSON, MRS. (nee Agnes McDonald). Age 31 years, height 5ft. 2in., dark red hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, farm servant. Scotch nationality. Missing about seven years. Last known address, Milford, Ont.

5054. PROUDLOCK, WILLIAM. Age 61 years, height 5ft. 11in., brown hair, blue eyes. Missing about three years. Last known address, Portage Creek, Kinnikinnick.

5057. HODGSON, GEORGE, or marking, London, Eng. Age 45, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair, growing grey, brown eyes, medium complexion, marked with small-pox, bricklayer by trade.

Songs of Victory.



THE CONSUL'S LAST WORDS: "WE MUST ALL KEEP OUR EYE ON THE 'GATES,' MUSTN'T WE?—I WANT TO. I'M LESS IN CONCERN WITH A WORLDLY AND SELFISH LIFE THAN I EVER WAS, AND MORE IN LOVE WITH THE DEAR ARMY'S STANDARD AND WITH A LIFE THAT IS LIVED FOR OTHERS. MAY GOD HELP US TO FIGHT SUCH A FIGHT AND BE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

1 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore;
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus.

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
Let me labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun.
Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over, and my work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

MY HOME IN HEAVEN.

Tune.—N.B.B. 233.

2 I have a home that is fairer than day,
And my dear Saviour has shown me the way;
Oft when I'm sad and temptations arise
I look to my home far away.

Chorus.

My home is in heaven,
There is no parting there,
All will be happy,
Glorious, bright, and fair;
There'll be no sorrow,
There will be no tears
In that bright home far away.

Friends I shall see who have journeyed before,
And landed safe on that beautiful shore;
I shall see Jesus, that will be my joy,
In that bright home far away.

Oh, who will journey to heaven with me?
Jesus has died that we all may be free;
Come, then, to Him who has purchased for you
A crown in that home far away.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

By Lieut.-Colonel Addie.

(Three hours before our departed Consul met his death she asked Colonel Addie what new song he had to be used in connection with the Red Crusade. "Something," she said, "that will arrest the people's attention, arouse them, stop them, and make them think." The Colonel spoke of the following song, which he had used with splendid results in his Texas Campaign. "Sing it to me," said the Consul; and he sang it. The last verse particularly struck her, and she asked him to sing it again; and the third time she herself joined in singing the solemn words, little dreaming how strangely true they were to her—that she, our precious Consul, was "only here to-day.")

Tune. You Never Can Tell.

3 Bony fingers and pale faces
Plainly tell you're near the last;
But with none of these death tracks
Many now are dying fast.

Chorus.

You never can tell when your death-bell's tolling,
You never can tell when your end will be;
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain,
Come and get saved and happy be.

The pale white horse will overtake you,
You can't escape, Death knows your name;
If your sins are unforgiven
You will have yourself to blame.

Every day we see Death's reaper,
Mowing down both young and old;
The rich and poor can find no favor
In the grave so dark and cold.

Time and place will change to know you,
Man and things will pass away;
You'll be moving on to-morrow,
You are only here to-day.

IT'S TRUE THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

4 It's true there's a beautiful city,

Its streets are paved with gold,
No earthly tongue can describe it,

Its glories can never be told

But I know, I know,

I know I shall be there!

Your loved ones dwell in that city
Whom you placed beneath the sod;
When your heart felt nigh to breaking,
And you promised you'd serve your God.

Will you? Will you?

Say, will you meet them there?

There none but the pure and holy
Can ever enter in;

You can have no hope of its glory

If still you're the servant of sin—

Bless God! Bless God!

Bless God, you may be there!

Yes, you can go there, my brother,
For Jesus has died on the tree;

And that same precious blood is now flowing

That washed a poor sinner like me—

Will you? Will you?

Will you now wash and be clean?

WHEN THE MIGHTY, MIGHTY, MIGHTY TRUMP SOUNDS.

Tune.—N.B.B. 188.

The blast of the trumpet,
So loud and so shrill,

Will shortly re-echo

O'er ocean and hill.

Chorus.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away!"

Oh, may we be ready to half that glad day!

The earth and the waters
Shall yield up their dead,
And the saved ones with gladness
Will wake from their bed.

The cry of the lost ones,
Their groans of despair,
And loud hallelujahs

Will meet in the air.

Acknowledged by Jesus,
Confessed as His own,
Transported to glory,
We'll sit on His throne.

No Sorrow There.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

Words by F. J. Crosby.

DUET.

Music by Geo. C. Stebbins.

x. No sor-row there in yea-dar clime, Be-yond the trou-bled waves of time;
No drea-ry nights, nor weep-ing eyes, No aching hearts, nor bro-ken ties.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.
O per-fect rest, O calm re-pose, Where life's clear stream in beau-ty flows!
And we can sing, with-out a care: No sor-row there, no sor-row there,
we can sing, with-out care: No sor-row there, no sor-row there.

Ah, who would dwell for ever here
Away from those we hold so dear—
Away from Him whose wondrous love
Prepares us for a home above?
O perfect rest, etc.

A little while our watch to keep,
A little while to wake and sleep,
To bear the cross, endure the pain—
And then, with Christ for ever reign—
O perfect rest, etc.

COLONEL AND MRS. KYLE

will visit

MILLBROOK Saturday, September 2.
PETERBORO Sunday, October 1.

LIEUT.-COLONEL and MRS. GARDIN

will visit

THE TEMPLE Sunday, Oct.

BIOSCOPIC TOUR.

Campbellton, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 10, 11,
12; Newcastle, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3, 4;
Wed., Oct. 4; Moncton, Thurs., Oct. 5; Le-
eds, Fri., Oct. 6; Springhill, Sat., Sun., and
Mon., Oct. 7, 8; Amherst Tues., Oct. 10; Summer-
field, Thurs., Oct. 11; Charlottetown, Thurs., Oct. 12;
Frelighsburg, Fri., Oct. 13; Glace Bay, Sat.,
Oct. 15, 16; New Aberdeen, Tues., Oct. 17;
Wed., Oct. 18; North Sydney, Thurs., Oct. 19;
Amherst, Fri., Oct. 20; Sydney, Sat. and Sun.,